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NEW YORK

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The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that of "The Law Against Lovers," by Sir William D'Avenant, 1622.)

With an Introduction

BY

B. FRANK CARPENTER, Ph. D.

A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York.

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

The present Editor has been called at the eleventh hour to edit this most important—because (although not the first printed apparently) the first—of The Shakespeare Restoration Dramas. Unhappily the gentleman selected by the General Editor, by reason of severe domestic affliction as well as by his own failing health, has been unable to perform the office, and I can only in any sort feel a possible excuse for imperfectly attempting his place, in that I am using most of the Introduction he had partially prepared. What now follows is his:

“As this is the first of the Restoration Bankside series to reprint a play of Sir. William Davenant it may be well to refresh the memory of the reader with the recital of a few details of his life.

He was born in February, 1605-6, at the Crown Inn, Oxford. The legend of his relationship to Shakespeare is too well known to need repetition. It is a legend he seemed inclined to disseminate rather than to protest against, but it rests on a very slight foundation. His putative father was the proprietor of the Inn, a man of substance, at one time Mayor of Oxford; his wife, William's mother, is said to have been a very beautiful and attractive woman. Shakespeare at all events seems to have stood sponsor in baptism for the boy and to have seen him frequently during his childhood and a warm affection to have grown up for him on the part of the lad, which it is reasonable to suppose had some influence in determining his career. He attended Lincoln College, Oxford, but left, without waiting for his degree, to take his place as a page in the retinue of the Duchess of Richmond. From her service he passed to that of Lord Brooke where he remained till the murder of the latter in 1628. In 1629 he produced his first play, the tragedy of *Albovine*. This seemed to please the people and he soon sprang into public recognition and, in conjunction with Inigo Jones, he engaged in the production of court masques. One of them, *Britannia Triumphalis*, was suppressed because—the Puritans then coming into power—the first performance was given on Sunday.

On the death of Ben Jonson in 1637, Davenant was made poet-laureate. Shortly after this event, he collected his minor lyrical pieces and published them under title of *Madagascar and other Poems*.

In 1639, he became manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre, but the promising career thus opened was checked by the breaking out of the civil war. He was apprehended by the Parliamentarians for his adhesion to the Royal party, and he was imprisoned for two months. He then escaped, was recaptured, and again escaped. He then offered his services to the Royalist's cause, and was made Lieutenant-general of ordnance. He took part in the Battle of Naseby, where his brave conduct resulted in his being knighted by the King. After this he went to Paris and resumed his literary work. He took command of an expedition to Virginia, was captured by the Parliamentarians and sent to the Tower to await his trial for high treason. But before the projected time for this trial arrived, he was released, supposedly by the intercession of Milton, who, though politically his opponent, appears to have been personally his friend. By reason of some influence, the source of which remains obscure, he succeeded in opening and conducting a playhouse, where, although all playhouses had been suppressed and all dramas forbidden, he produced musical modifications of already existing plays, under the general title of operas. This appears to have been the origin of the opera, at least in England. Not long after, the Restoration left him free from all restraint in regard to the prosecution of his favorite work, and, with the assistance of Inigo Jones, he was the principal agent in the transformation of the simple and unpretentious method of representation of the drama in Elizabethan times to the spectacular and musical splendors of those of Charles II. He died April 17, 1668, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. The inscription on his tomb is "*O Rare Sir William D'Avenant.*"

It requires great stretching of the term "poet" to make it applicable to D'Avenant. The modifications of early plays were evidently intended to be poetic in form, as a rule, and they were written mainly in two forms, one a weak rhyming style, the other, which he probably considered blank-verse, for example—it

Was simply prose divided into lines
Of ten syllables each, a capital
Commencing each line, like this.

His service to the English stage was of another and entirely different kind.

It is not surprising that after the rigors and restraints of the Puritan regime, there should have succeeded the period of license, revelling in mere

sensuous beauty of sight and sound, upon which my co-editors in this Series have so aptly spoken; such is human history. This demand D'Avenant met. Whether this was a development or a degradation of the simpler production of the Elizabethan and Jacoban stage still remains a subject for debate; but there can be no doubt that beauty, appealing to the eye or ear is in itself desirable. And it is not too much to say that in meeting the current demand he became the originator of modern spectacular drama. He converted the works of Shakespeare and the other early masters into musical spectacular performances. We often criticise the English public of the Restoration Period for preferring the transformation of the master works of Shakespeare in the course of which nearly all the poetry, the wit, the humour, the humanity, have disappeared, to the superb original productions of the master. But, perhaps a moment's thought would supply an explanation. We must remember the cruel suppression of ordinary human instincts during the period of the Commonwealth, and the natural reaction coincident to the removal of that pressure. Even to-day, which we consider a more intellectual and enlightened time, a brilliant musical comedy with gorgeous spectacular effects, not a line of which is worth putting into print, brings more dollars to the box-office than the most perfectly performed Shakespearean play. If any further explanation is necessary, it is supplied by Pepys. In his diary under date of 18th of February, 1661-2: "I went to the opera, and saw the "Law against Lovers," a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the losse of Roxahana would spoil the house."

It is usually stated that the present tragi-comedy is "composed out of two of Shakespeare's plays, Measure for Measure and Much Ado About Nothing". How far this statement is true may be judged by the parallel texts. It will be seen that it is true to a very slight degree. To be sure the names of the characters are retained and the general outline preserved of the main plot of Measure for Measure and the secondary plot of Much Ado is also used. All the poetry, wit, humour and eloquence of these truly great plays have disappeared. We have no Dogberry, no Verges, no Elbow. All the scenes, sparkling with fun, are eliminated, as are all the eloquence of Isabella and the bright gaiety and mirth of Beatrice.

There is little to be said about the "Law against Lovers". Its relation to the Shakespeare plays is shown by the text. Its main value to us is that it is a help to obtain some knowledge of the Restoration stage, which, if not

entirely dependent upon "dumb show and noise," was at least so upon music and "Carpentry and French."

"Measure for Measure" is founded on a novel of Cinthio: *Deca, Ottava, Novella* 5. There is a similar story in Goulart's "*Histoires Admirables de Notre Temps*," tome i. p. 216, and in Lipsii *Monita*, l. ij, c. 9, p. 125. Pope calls attention to the fact that "Measure for Measure is taken from Cinthio's novels, dec. 8, nov. 5." Warburton, in his desire for "accuracy," expanded these contractions thus: "December 8, November 5!" Another modified version of Measure for Measure appeared in 1700, supposed to be by Gilden, published in quarto, with the title *MEASURE FOR MEASURE, OR BEAUTY THE BEST ADVOCATE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY MR. SHAKESPEARE; AND NOW VERY MUCH ALTERED; WITH ADDITIONS OF SEVERAL ENTERTAINMENTS OF MUSICK. LONDON: PRINTED FOR D. BROWN, AT THE BLACK SWAN WITHOUT TEMPLE BAR; AND R. PARKER AT THE VNICORN UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN CORNHILL, 1700.*"

Langbaine notes in regard to *Much Ado About Nothing*, "All that I have to remark is, that the contrivance of Borachio, in behalf of John the Bastard to make Claudio jealous of Hero, by the assistance of her waiting woman, Margaret, is borrowed from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*." A like story is told by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* book ij, Canto 4.

The part of title-page of the 1700 edition of Measure for Measure;—"With Additions of Several Entertainments, of Musick" gives us again an inkling of the popular taste which led to the Restoration drama, and further indications can be derived from Pepy's comments on Macbeth as remodeled by Davenant.

On the 7th of January, 1666-7 he "saw Macbeth, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, being most proper here and suitable."

Downes writes thus of Macbeth, when acted at the Theatre in Dorset Garden "The tragedy of Macbeth, altered by Sir William Davenant, being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it, it being all excellently performed, *being in the nature of an opera* it recompensed double the expense it proves still a lasting play (*Roscius Anglicana* p 33). Evidently divertisement was what was looked for then.

For the eye of that—numerically at least—respectable division of Shakespeare students that find more or less trace of Baconian authorship in the Plays I may call attention to the contention of some that *Measure for Measure* appears to have been written with a purpose; and that purpose to urge the wiping of obsolete Statutes from the Statute book. This was a favorite reform of Lord Chancellor Bacon's. In his "Essay of Judicature" he writes: "Judges must beware of Hard Constructions and Strained Inferences. For there is no worse Torture than the Torture of Laws. Specially in case of Laws penal they ought to have care that that which was meant for terrour be not turned into rigour, and that they bring not upon the people that shower of which the Scripture speaketh: *Pluēt super eos laqueos*. For penal laws pressed are a shower of snares upon the people. Therefore let penal laws if they have been sleepers of long, or if they be grown unfit for the present time, be-by wise judges-confined in the Execution. *Judicis officium est ut res ita tempora rerum*. In cases of life and death Judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in Justice to remember Mercy and to cast a severe eye upon the Example, but a merciful eye upon the Person.'"

I must not pretend however, that I exactly share in all the harsh things our modern critics say of Sir William D'Avenant. Doubtless he was no Shakespeare. But who is a Shakespeare? To quote once more: "Within that circle no durst walk but he." Rail as we will, we cannot rail the seal off the bond that D'Avenant gave to Posterity to carry Shakespeare through the age that pretended to regard him as an archaic Barbarian! The idea of so perpetuating him was original with Sir William D'Avenant, and was performed to the letter. He did perpetuate the Greatest of Dramatists even until Garrick's date, since when there has been no other Master! As to the parallelization, or rather the want of it, in these pages. It will be noticed that D'Avenant makes but one scene to an Act. This may mean something to those who reflect that the reason why there were so many changes of scenes called for in a Shakespeare play was simply because there was no scenery to change, and so no changes of scene at all! Except to the mind's eye the Six scenes in the fourth Act of *Measure For Measure* (and many Acts in the 1623 Plays run to many more than six), or perhaps by hanging out a placard, or a change of position of the Actors—introduced by "Let us go to the Town's End," and, "Now we are at the town's end," etc., (the opposite

side of the stage) there was no reason for any limit to the number of scenes in an Act. Following, therefore, the example of my learned co-editors, Mr. Kilbourne and Mr. Smith, I have not wearied the reader even by setting off against space the passages or paraphrases of passages from the MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, so freely used by D'Avenant to supplement and weave anew the story of THE LAW AGAINST LOVERS. And as to this (which is another unpardonable sin for which poor Sir William is, it seems never to be forgiven) even as to this I say, with my adieux, sinful as he was, he did what he attempted to do; and perhaps, had we been Restoration Dramatists—with the same problems and the same purposes as he had, and knowing our audiences then, as we certainly do not know his audiences to-day, who can guess how happy or how unlucky we might have been in the verdicts of Posterity!

B. FRANK CARPENTER.

Tribes Hill, Fulton County,
New York, August 1st, 1908.



MEASVRE, FOR MEASVRE.



THE
LAW
Against Lovers.
A
COMEDY

As it is now Acted

AT HIS
HIGHNESS
THE

Duke of York's Theatre.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Macock*, for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*.

M. DC. LXXVI.

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

*Vincentio: the Duke.**Angelo, the Deputie.**Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.**Claudio, a yong Gentleman.**Lucio, a fantaſtique.**2. Other like Gentlemen.**Prouoft.*

<i>Thomas.</i>	{	<i>2. Friers.</i>
<i>Peter.</i>		

*Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.**Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.**Clowne.**Abhorſon, an Executioner.**Barnardine, a diffolute priſoner.**Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.**Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.**Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.**Franciſca, a Nun.**Miſtris Ouer-don, a Bawd.**The Scene Vienna.*

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS.

The Duke of *Savoy*.

Lord *Angelo*, his Deputy.

Benedict, Brother to *Angelo*.

Lucio |
| His Friends.

Balthazar |
Eſchalus, a Counſellor.

Claudio, in love with *Julietta*

Provost.

Fryer *Thomas*.

Bernardine, a Priſoner.

Jaylor.

Fool.

Hangman.

Pages.

Beatrice, a great Heireſs

Iſabella, Siſter to *Claudio*.

Julietta, Miſtreſs to *Claudio*.

Viola, Siſter to *Beatrice*; very young.

Franciſca, a Nun.

Scene *Turin*.

ACTVS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Denter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Scalus.

E *Esc.* My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to vnfold,
 Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse,
 Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
 Exceeds (in that) the lifts of all aduice
 My strength can giue you: Then no more remains
 But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them worke: The nature of our People,
 Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
 For Common Iustice, y' are as pregnant in
 As Art, and practice, hath enriched any
 That we remember: There is our Commission,
 From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
 I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
 What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
 For you must know, we haue with speciall foule
 Elected him our absence to supply;
 Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue,
 And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
 Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
 To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
 It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
 That to th' obseruer, doth thy history
 Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
 Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
 Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:

Enter Duke, Angelo, and Attendants.

Duke. I 'M fure in this your science does exceed
The meafures of advice; and to your skill,
By deputation, I refolve to leave a while
My place and ftrengh.

Ang. Your Highnefs does amaze me with your trust.

Duke. Your Brother will be here to night; and brings
His fhare of Victory and fair renown.
That Victory gives me now free leifure to
Purfue my old defign of travelling;
Whilft, hiding what I am, in fit difguife,
I may compare the Customs, prudent Laws,
And managements of foreign States with ours.

Ang. Your Highnefs has a plenteous choice of men,
Whom you may here depute with more fuccels,
Than my abilities can promife.

Duke. Here, take our Commiffion—
In which we have enabled you with all
The fev'ral ftrenghs and organs of my Pow'r:
Your youth may bear that weight, which tires my Age.

Ang. In this acceptance, Sir, I do with fome
Unwillingnefs obey your pleafure.

Duke. Heaven does with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themfelves, but others ufe.
For if our virtues go not forth of us,
It were alike as if we had them not.
Be thou at full our felf, whilft we are abfent
From our Seat in *Turin*.

Ang. Sir, I could wifh
There were more tryal of my mettle made,
Before fo noble and fo great
A Figure as your own be ftampt on it.

Duke. No more evafion,
I have proceeded towards you with choice,
Sufficiently prepar'd. Good *Efchalus*
Your ceremony now of taking leave

[*Enter Efchalus.*

Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
 Not light them for themfelues: For if our vertues
 Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine iffues: nor nature neuer lends
 The fmallest scruple of her excellence,
 But like a thrifty goddeffe, she determines
 Her felfe the glory of a creditour,
 Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him aduertife;
 Hold therefore *Angelo*:
 In our remoue, be thou at full, our felfe:
 Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
 Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
 Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
 Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now good my Lord
 Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,
 Before ſo noble, and ſo great a figure
 Be ſtamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more euafion:
 We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
 Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,
 That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaues vnqueſtion'd
 Matters of needful value: We ſhall write to you
 As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
 How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
 What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
 To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
 Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
 That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duk. My haſte may not admit it,
 Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
 With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,
 So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes

Muft needs be fhort. You know the purpofe of
My truſt to *Angelo*, who here has my
Commiffion feal'd.

Eſch. Your Highnefs having been
So long reſolv'd to travel, could not leave
A Deputation of your Pow'r in better hands.

Duke. Farewel! our haſte from hence is fo import.
You ſhall, as time and fit occaſion ſerves,
Have Letters from us; and I hope to know,
With equal care, what does befall you here.

Ang. Will not your Highnefs give us leave to bring
You onward on the way?

Duke. My haſte permits it not.
You need not (on mine honour) have to do
With ſcruple, for your ſcope is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your foul ſeems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privately away; I love the People;
But would not on a Stage ſalute the Crowd.
I never reliſht their applauſe; nor think
the Prince has true diſcretion who affects it.
Be kind ſtill to your Brother *Benedick*,
And give him that reſpect which he
Hath by his ſhare in Victory deſerv'd.
Once more farewell.

Ang. The Heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes.

Eſch. Lead forth, and bring you back in happinefs.

[*Ex* Duke.

Ang. I ſhall deſire you *Eſchalus*, to let
Me have free ſpeech with you: for it concerns
Me much to ſee the bottom of my place.
The Duke has left me pow'r, but of what ſtrength
And nature it will prove, may haply
Require your friendſhip to conſider.

Eſch. My Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to withdraw,
You may command my ſecreſie and ſervice.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Beatrice, Julietta, Viola, Balthazar.

Beat. Does Signior Benedick return to night?

As to your foule feemes good: Giue me your hand,
 Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
 But doe not like to ftage me to their eyes:
 Though it doe well, I doe not rellifh well
 Their lowd applaufe, and Aues vehement:
 Nor doe I thinke the man of fafe difcretion
 That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue fafety to your purpofes.

E/c. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happineffe.

Exit.

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

E/c. I fhall defire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
 To haue free fpeech with you; and it concerns me
 To looke into the bottome of my place:
 A powre I haue, but of what ftrength and nature,
 I am not yet inftituted.

Ang. 'Tis fo with me: Let vs with-draw together,
 And we may foone our fatisfaction haue
 Touching that point.

E/c. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compofition with the
 King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou eonclud'ft like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to fea with
 the ten Commandements, but fcrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou fhalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all
 the reft from their functions; they put forth to fteale: There's not a Souldier
 of vs all, that in the thankf-giuing before meate, do rallifh the petition well,
 that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diflike it.

Luc. I beleeeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was faid.

Balt. We may expect him presently. He brings
A share of conquest with him, and intends
To make a modest Entry here by stealth:
But he is still as pleasant as you left him.

Beat. How many has he kill'd, and eaten, in
These Wars? but pray, how many has he kill'd?
For I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Balt. He has done great service in these Wars, Lady.

Beat. Sure you had musty victual then;
And he has helpt to eat it. I know, Sir,
He is a valiant Trencher-man, and has
A good stomach.

Balt. He is a good Souldier, Lady.

Beat. A good Souldier
To a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Balt. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man:
Stuff with all honourable virtues.

Beat. He is, indeed, no less than a stuff man.
But for the stuffing——Well, we are all mortal.

Jul. Do not mistake my Cousin *Beatrice*, Sir,
There is a kind of a merry war between
Count *Benedick* and her: they never met,
But there is a skirmish of wit between 'em.

Beat. He got nothing by that. In our last encounter
Four of his five wits did go halting off;
And now the whole man is govern'd by one.
I pray, Sir, who's his Companion now? for he was wont,
Every Month to have a new sworn Brother.

Balt. Is't possible?

Beat. Very possible.
He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His Hat; it still changes with the next Block.

Balt. Madam, the Gentleman is not in your Books.

Viol. If he were, I have heard my Sister say
She would burn her Study.

Balt. Small Mistrefs, have you learnt that in your Primer?
This, Madam, is your pretty Bud of wit.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried

Viol. A Bud that has some prickles, Sir. Take heed;
You cannot gather me.

Beat. But, Signior *Balthazar*,
I pray who is Count *Benedicks* Companion?

Balt. At idle seasons, Madam, he is pleas'd
To use no better company than mine.

Beat. He will hang on you like a disease,
He's sooner caught than the Pestilence;
And the taker does run presently mad.
Heaven help you *Balthazar*, if you have caught
The *Benedickt*, for it will cost you more
Than a thousand pounds to be cur'd.

Balt. I wish I may hold friendship with you, Lady.

Beat. Y'ave the wit, Sir, to wish for you self.

Jul. You'll never run mad Coufin.

Beat. Not till a hot *January*.

[*Enter Servant.*

Serv. Madam, your Guardian's Brother, Count *Benedick*,
Is newly enter'd.

Beat. The man of War, having been fleht
In the last Battel, will bear all before him.
Let us found a retreat, and hide our selves
Behind the Hangings, to mark his behaviour.

Viol. Dear Sister, let me hide my self too——

[*Beatrice, Viola, Juliet, step behind the Hangings*

Balt. O pray do, with a Bongrace from the Sun.
Madam, I'll leave you to your Ambush.

Enter Benedick, Efchalus.

Ben. My Brother private in affairs of State?

Efch. My Lord, he's at this instant much reserv'd;
But, when I shall acquaint him you are here,
He will dismiss his business to receive,
And welcome you?

Ben. Signior *Efchalus*, I thank you: but it
Is fit our private love should give free way
To service which concerns the publick profit.
I am, Sir, in some trouble, that I could
Not have the happiness of paying my

away: and which is more, within thefe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it fo: Art thou fure of this?

Bawd. I am too fure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres fince, and he was euer precife in promife keeping.

2. *Gent.* Befides you know, it drawes fomthing neere to the fpeech we had to fuch a purpofe.

1. *Gent.* But moft of all agreeing with the proclamatio.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the fweat, what with the gallows, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-fhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clovenc.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prifon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clov. All howfes in the Suburbs of Vienna muft bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of thofe in the Citie?

Clov. They fhall ftand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But fhall all our houfes of refort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clov. To the ground, Miftris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what fhall become of me?

Clov. Come: feare not you: good Counfellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapfter ftill; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoft out in the feruice, you will bee confidered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas Tapfter*? let's withdraw?

Obedience to his Highness e're he went.
Will he be absent long?

Efch. That is unknown
Even to your Brother *Angelo*; who is his full
Vicegerent here, and hath receiv'd commands
To let you taste his Pow'r, to every use
That can procure you any benefit,
In memory of your last service.

[*Enter Lucio.*

Luc. My Lord you are most happily return'd,
And met with all the joys we can express.

Ben. *Lucio*, I am much pleas'd to see you well;
It gives me hope that I shall have but few
Sad Evenings here in *Turin*, if the
Beauties which I left be not quite wither'd,
Their Voices crack, and their Lutes hung on Willows.

Luc. My Lord, I am not only hasten'd hither by
My Love to be the first that shall congratulate
Your good success abroad, but to entreat
Your aid at home. If you will please but to
Take leave of that grave Magistrate a while,
I shall deliver you a message from mankind.

Ben. How, *Lucio*? That is of concern indeed.
Signior, I shall beseech you to observe
My Brother's leisure, that I may attend him.

Efch. Your Lordship is most welcome to *Turin*

[*Exit Efchalus.*

Ben. Now, *Lucio*, speak your affair from that great
Common-Wealth which sent you, Mankind.

Balth. They are too many for you to enquire
Particularly after their healths; therefore
He may without Ceremony proceed.

Luc. You have heard of the Supreme Pow'r plac'd in
Count *Angelo* your brother?

Ben. I have, *Lucio*.

Luc. Under your favour, Sir,
I may say the beginning of his rule
Is not pleasing to the best sort of men,
He deals very hardly with Lovers.

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost to prifon: and there's Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou shew me thus to th'world?

Bear me to prifon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (foe) yet still 'tis iust.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint.

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) *Liberty*
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirfty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would fend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprifonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got possession of *Iuliet* as bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Ben. I am forry to hear that of a Brother.

Luc. My Lord, I am more forry to report it.
He has already reviv'd an old Law,
Which condemns any man to death, who gets,
Being unmarry'd, a Woman with Child.

Ben. How *Lucio?* does he mean to govern like
The Tyrant Turk, with Ev'nuchs of his Council?

Luc. You must affwage the choler of his wisdom,
And put him in mind that men are frail.

Ben. This business, *Balthazar*, requires our care;
For we have professed against the bonds
Of marriage, and he, restraining
The liberty of Lovers, the good Duke
When he returns, will find no Children left
In *Turin*.

Luc. For my part, Sir,
I only fear the destruction of Learning;
For if there be no Children, farewell Grammar-Schools.

Ben. Come, we must sit in Council, *Balthazar*,
Increase our party, and still defy marriage.

Beat. We cannot hear 'em, *Juliet*; let us enter. [*Enter Beat. Jul. Viol.*]

Ben. My dear Lady disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Can disdain dye when she has so fit food
To feed it as *Benedick*?

Ben. I am belov'd of all Ladies, only
You excepted; and I am forry they must lose
Their sighs; for I have a hard heart,
And can love none.

Beat. A happiness to Women; who would else
Be troubled with a most pernicious Suitor?
But I can answer your humour; for I
Had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow,
Than a Man swear he loves me.

Ben. Keep in that mind, Lady, for then some of my
Friends may scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse,
If it were such a Face as *Benedick's*.

Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
 Of outward Order. This we came not to,
 Onely for propogation of a Dowre
 Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
 Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanches
 The ftealth of our most mutuall entertainment
 With Character too groffe, is writ on *Iuliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
 Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
 Or whether that the body publique, be
 A horfe whereon the Gouvernor doth ride,
 Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
 He can command; lets it ftrait feele the spur:
 Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
 Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
 I ftagger in: But this new Gouvernor
 Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
 Which haue (like vn-fcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
 So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
 And none of them beene worne; and for a name
 Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act
 Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head fstands so tickle on thy fhoulders, that
 a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may figh it off: Send after the Duke, and
 appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.
 I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice:
 This day, my fifter fhould the Clayfter enter,
 And there receiue her approbation.
 Acquaint her with the danger of my ftate,
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputie: bid her felfe assay him,
 I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechleffe dialect,

Ben. You are a rare Parrot-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better than a Beast of yours.

Ben. I would my Horse had the speed of your Tongue;
But keep your way: I have done.

Beat. *Juliet*, he always ends with a Jades trick.

Jul. The Gentleman's wit is tir'd after spurring.

Vio. Y'are welcome home my Lord. Have you brought
Any Pendants, and fine Fans, from the Wars?

Ben. What my sweet Bud, you are grown to a Bloffom!

Vio. My Sifter has promis'd me that I shall be
A woman, and that you shall make love to me,
When you are old enough to have a Wife.

Ben. This is not a chip of the old Block, but will prove
A smart Twig of the young Branch. [Enter Efch, and Serv.

Efch. Lord *Angelo* expects you, Sir, and this
Fair Company. [Ex. Beat. Ben. Balth. Jul. Efch. Vio.

Serv. Signior *Claudio*, now under an Arrest,
Desires to speak with you.

Luc. How! under Arrest? The Governour's house
Is no proper place for a Prisoners visit.
Pray favour me so much as to tell him that
I'll come down to receive his commands.

[Ex. Serv. Luc.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Officers.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god Authority make
Us pay down for our offence by weight [Enter Lucio.

Luc. *Claudio!* how now! from whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty.
As Surfet is the father of a Fast,
So Liberty by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our Nature does pursue
An evil Thirst, and when we drink we dye.

Luc. If I could speak as wifely under Arrest,
I would fend for some of my Creditors;
Yet (to say truth) I had rather enjoy
The foppery of freedom, than the wife
Morality of Imprisonment. What
Is thy offence *Claudio?*

Such as moue men: befide, fhe hath prosperous Art
When fhe will play with reafon, and difcource,
And well fhe can perfwade.

Luc. I pray fhee may; af well for the encouragement of the like, which
elfe would ftand vnder greeuous impofition: as for the enjoying of thy life,
who I would be forry fhould bee thus foolifhly loft, at a game of ticke-tacke;
Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribbling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bofome: why, I defire thee
To giue me fecret harbour, hath a purpofe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace fpeake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt affemblies
Where youth, and coft, witleffe brauery keeps.
I haue deliuered to Lord *Angelo*

(A man of ftricture and firme abftinence)

My abfolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he fupposes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For fo I haue ftrewd it in the common eare)
And fo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue ftrict Statutes, and moft biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headftiong weedes,) Which for this fourteene yeares, we haue let flip,
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue

Claud. To speak of it were to offend again.

Luc. What is it, Murder?

Claud. No.

Luc. I believe 'tis that which the precise call Incontinence.

Claud. You may call it so.

[*Enter Balthazar.*

Bal. I am told Claudio is Arrested.

Luc. 'Tis too true, *Balthazar.*

Bal. What is his crime?

Luc. Lord *Angelo* has taught us so much modesty,
That I am ashamed to name it.

Balth. What, is there a Maid with Child by him?

Luc. No, but I fear there is a Woman with Maid by him.

Prov. Signior, I shall offend if you stay here:
Be pleas'd to go.

Claud. *Provost*, allow me but a few words more.

Luc. Pray *Claudio* speak your mind: we are your friends.

Claud. I grieve to tell you, Gentlemen, that I
Have got possession of *Julietta's* bed.

She is my Wife by sacred vows, and by

A contract seal'd with form of witnesses.

But we the ceremony lack of marriage,

And that, unhappily, we did defer

Only for the assurance of a Dowry,

Remaining in the Coffers of her Friends;

From whom we thought it fit to hide our love,

Till time had master'd their consent to it.

But so it happens, that

Our oft stoln pleasure is now writ

With Characters too gross in *Juliet*.

Bal. With Child perhaps.

Claud. 'Tis so;

And the new Deputy

Awakens all the enroll'd penalties,

Which have been Nineteen years unread, and makes

Me feel the long neglected punishment,

By such a Law, as three days after

Arrest, requires the forfeit of my head.

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
 Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
 Onely to flicke it in their childrens fight,
 For terror, not to vse: in time the rod
 More mock'd, then fear'd. fo our Decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themfelues are dead,
 And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose:
 The Baby beates the Nurfe, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
 To vnloof this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
 And it in you more dreadful would haue seem'd
 Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
 Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,
 'Twould be my tirrany to ftrike and gall them,
 For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
 When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,
 And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
 I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
 Who may in th'ambush of my name, ftrike home,
 And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
 To do in slander: And to behold his sway
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
 Vifit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person beare
 Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
 At our more leysure, shall I render you:
 Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
 Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses
 That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
 Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
 If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Luc. Thy head ftands now fo flightly
On thy fhoulders, that a Milk-maid, if fhe
Be in love, may figh it off.

Bal. Lucio, you are a ftranger to Lord *Angelo*,
But I well know the fowrenefs of his Soul:
And I was told in paffing to you hither,
That *Juliet* is Arrefted in his houfe,
And forc'd from the protection of
The Lady *Beatrice* his fair Ward.

Luc. I like it not: fend quickly to the Duke,
And then appeal to him.

Claud. I have done fo; but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, lend me thy affiftance;
This day my Sifter fhould the Cloifter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger I am in.
Implore her in my name, that fhe make friends
To the ftrict Deputy: fhe muft her felf affay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a fweet and fpeechlefs dialect,
Such as moves men; and well fhe can perfwade.

Luc. I wifh fhe may. I would be loth
That any of my friends fhould foolifhly
Play away their lives at a Game of Tick-tack.

Bal. We will both to her prefently.

Claud. Come Officers, away!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Fryer Thomas.

Duke. No, Holy Father; throw away that thought;
Love's too tender to dwell in my cold bofom,
I defire you to give me fecret harbour,
For a defign more grave and wrinkled than
The aims of giddy youth can have.

Fryer. May your Grace fpeak of it?

Duke. None, Holy Father, better knows than you,
How I have ever lik'd a life retir'd;
And ftill have weary of Affemblies been,
Where witlefs youth comes dreft to be ador'd.

Ifa. And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

Nun. Are not theſe large enough?

Ifa. Yes truly; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtriſt reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Botariſts of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Ifa. Who's that which calſ?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Ifabella*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:
When you haue vowd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake.
He calſ againe: I pray you anſwere him.

Ifa. Peace and proſperitie: who is't that calſ?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Ifabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her vnhappy brother *Claudio*?

Ifa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aſke,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Ifabella*, and his Siſter.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.

Ifa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thanks:
He hath got his friend with childe.

Ifa. Sir, make me not your ſtorie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to leſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall ſpirit

I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*
 (A man of strictness, and firm abstinence)
 My absolute pow'r and place herein *Turin*;
 And he believes me travelling to *Spain*;
 Now (pious Sir) you will demand of me
 Why I did this?

Fryer. I fain would know.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and chastising Laws,
 Which I have suffer'd Nineteen years to sleep,
 Even like an o'regrown Lyon in a Cave
 That goes not out to Prey. But as fond Fathers
 Bind up the threatening Rod, and stick it in
 Their Childrens fight, for terror more than use,
 Till it in time become more markt than fear'd;
 So our decrees, dead to infliction, to
 Themselves are dead, and froward liberty,
 Does Justice strike, as Infants beat the Nurse.

Fryer. This ty'd-up Justice, Sir, you might have soon
 Let loose, which would have seem'd more dreadful
 Than in *Angelo*

Duke. Too dreadful, Sir. For since
 It was my fault to give the People scope,
 It may seem tyranny to punish them,
 For what I bid them act. We do no less
 Than bid unlawful actions to be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive Pass.

Fry. I am convinc'd.

Duke. I have on *Angelo* impos'd
 Th'unpleasant pow'r of punishing; who may
 Within the Ambush of my name,——strike home.
 And to behold how he does rule, I will,
 As if I were a Brother of your Order,
 Visit both Prince and People. Therefore, I pray,
 Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me how
 I may in person a true Fryar seem.
 I can allow you no more reasons for
 This action now, than that Lord *Angelo*

Stands at a Guard with Envy, and does scarce
 Confess that his blood flows;
 The Man seems singular, but we shall see,
 If Pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, and Francisca a Nun.

I/a. But have you Nuns no further privilege?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

I/a. They are; I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Were on the Sisterhood vow'd to Saint *Clare*.

Luc. Ho! peace be in this place!

[*Lucio, Balthazar within.*

Ifab. Who is it that does call?

Nun. It is a man's voice. Gentle *Isabella*,
 Pray turn the Key, and know his business of him:
 You may, I may not; you are yet unworn.
 When you have vow'd you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Priores;
 Then if you speak, you must not shew your face;
 Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.

Luc. Ho! the Sisterhood.

Nun. He calls again; I pray you answer him.

Ifab. Peace and Prosperity. Who is't that calls?

[*Enter Luc. Balt.*

Luc. Hail Virgin! please you befriend us so,
 As to permit us to the sight of *Isabell*,
 A novice of this place, and Sister to
 Young Claudio, her unhappy Brother.

Ifab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask;
 The rather since I now must make it known
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle, and fair; your Brother kindly greets you.

Bal. We cannot, *Lucio*, come too suddenly
 With sorrows to a mind prepar'd; 'tis fit
 You tell her that her Brother is in Prison.

Ifab. Ay me! for what?

Luc. For that which cannot be excus'd;
 And yet, perhaps if he were try'd
 By Judges not much older than himself,

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Ifa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleue it; fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his loue haue embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blooming Time
That from the feednes, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expreffeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Ifa. Some one with childe by him? my cofen *Iuliet*?

Luc. Is *she* your cofen?

Ifa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Ifa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feelles
The wanton ftings, and motions of the fence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heauy fence, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To soften *Angelos* And that's my pith of businesse

Would have an easie punishment. He has,
I hope unwillingly, got his friend with Child.

If. Sir, make me not your scorn.

Luc. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
To jest with Maids, play with all Virgins fo.
I hold you as a thing infhrind'd, and to
Be talkt with as a Saint in all sincerity.

If. You hurt the good in mocking me.

Bal. Believe what he has said is truth.

Ifab. Some one with Child by him? my Coufin *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your Coufin?

Ifab. Adoptedly, as School-maids change their names.

Luc. She it is.

Ifab. Let him marry her.

Bal. Marry'd, they are in fight of Heaven, though not
With such apparent forms, as makes the Law
Approve and witness it.

Luc. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
And with full force of his authority,
Lord *Angelo* now Rules; a man whose blood
Is very Snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton motions of the sense; but does
Rebate and blunt his natural edge,
With Morals, Lady. He studies much,
And fasts.

Balt. To frighten Libertines (who long have escap'd,
And silently have run by th' sleeping face
Of hideous Law, as Mice by Lyons steal)
Lord *Angelo* has hastily awak'd
A dreadful act, under whose heavy sense,
Your Brothers life falls into desperate forfeit.

Luc. All hope is gone, unless you have the grace,
By moving Prayers, to soften *Angelo*.

Ifab. Does he so sternly seek his life?

Luc. He has already sentenc'd him, and (as
I hear) the Provost has a Warrant for
His Execution.

'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Ifa. Doth he fo,
Seeke his life?

Luc. Has cenfur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoft hath a warrant
For's execution.

Ifa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Affay the powre you haue.

Ifa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loofe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens fue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themfelues would owe them.

Ifa. Ile fee what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Ifa. I will about it ftrait;
No longer ftaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affairs: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: foone at night
Ile fend him certaine word of my fucceffe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Ifa. Goode fir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Ifab. Alas, what poor abilities
Have I to do him good?

Balt. Make tryal of what pow'r you have.

Ifab. My pow'r alas I doubt!

Luc. Go to Lord *Angelo*, and let him know,
When Virgins sue, men give like Gods;
But when they weep and kneel, no pow'r has then
So much of Devil in't, as not to yield.

Ifab. I'll see what I can do.

Luc. But speedily.

Ifab. I will about it straight;
Not staying longer, than to give the Mother
Notice of my business. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my Brother. Soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lur. We take our leaves.

Ifab. Heaven guide you, Gentlemen;
And so prepare to *Angelo* my way,
As if Saint *Clare* did prompt me how to pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.*

Ang. Me must not make a fear-crow of the Law,
 Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
 And let it keepe one fhape, till custome make it
 Their pearch, and not their terror.

E/c. I, but yet
 Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
 Then fall, and bruife to death: alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would faue, had a most noble father,
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I beleue to be most ftrait in vertue)
 That in the working of your owne affections,
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wifhing,
 Or that the resolute ading of our blood
 Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*E/calus*)
 Another thing to fall: I not deny
 The Iury passing on the Prifoners life
 May in the fworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
 That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
 That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgment patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Benedick.

Ben.

BUT for ill doing, Sir, must *Claudio* dye?

Ang. The Law appoints that he
Who gets a Child unlawfully must dye.

Ben. But must a man be requited with death,
For giving life to another?

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the Law;
Setting it up to fright our Birds of prey;
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it
Not their terror, but their Preach.

Ben. Call, Sir, your own affections to accompt.
Had time concur'd with place, or place with wishing;
And had the resolution of your blood,
Found means t'attain th' effect of your own purpose,
Perhaps, in some hot season of your life,
Even you, Sir, would have err'd in that,
For which you censure him.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Benedick*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on a Prisoners life,
May in the sworn twelve, have a Thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What knows the Law,
Whether Thieves pass on Thieves?
You cannot lesson his offence, because
I have offended too: but tell me at
That time, when I, who censure him, do so
Offend; and my own judgment then shall be
A pattern for my death. Brother, he must dye.

Ben. Sir, when I heard you had the place of Justice,
I did not think your gravity did mean
To swagger with her broad Sword. Can Dame Justice
Become, so soon, so notable a Cutter?

Ang. You have leave to be pleasant; but I pray

Enter Prouoft.

Efc. Be it as your wifdome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouoft*?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Efc. Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some rise by finne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and aniwere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if thefe be good people in a Common-weale,
that doe nothing but vse their abufes in common houfes, I know no law:
bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poore Dukes Conftable, and my
name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iuftice, Sir, and doe bring in here before
your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: But precise
villaines they are, that I am fure of, and void of all prophanation in the
world, that good Chriftians ought to haue.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'ft thou not fpeake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapfter Sir: parcell Baud: one that ferues a bad woman:
whofe houle Sir was (as they fay) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now
thee profefles a hot-houle; which, I thinke is a very ill houle too.

Efc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I deteft before heauen, and your honour.

Efc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honeft woman.

Listen to *Efchalus*, he'll give you counfel. [Exit, and Enter *Efchalus*.

Ben. Good *Efchalus*, I fhould have found you out.

Is there no means to fave poor *Claudio's* life?

Efch. Your Brother has given order to the Provost,
To fee his Execution punctually
Perform'd, by nine to morrow morning.

Ben. A fhort warning for a terrible long Journey.

Efch. A Confeffor will be fent to prepare him.

Ben. I'm told, Signior *Efchalus*, you have counfel for me.

Efch. My Lord, I'll not prefume to call it mine;
'Tis from your Brother, who does well advife,
That you would pleafe to think of marriage.
You know the Lady *Beatrice* was his Ward;
And now her Wardfhip is expir'd.

Ben. Marry?

What to beget Boys for the Headfman?

Efch. Good my Lord, leaving your feverity,
You needs muft think her beauty worth your praife.

Ben. She's too low for a high praife, and too little
For a great praife; but thus far I'll commend her;
Were fhe other than fhe is, fhe were then
Unhandfom, and being no other but
As fhe is, I do not like her.

Efch. My propofal deferves a fteady anfwer.

Ben. My Brother, Sir, and I walk feveral ways.
He takes care to destroy unlawful Lovers;
And I'll endeavour to prevent th' increafe
Of lawful Cuckolds.

Efch. None of the beauteous Sex can have more virtue,
Than fair *Beatrice*.

Ben. Sir, I fincerely allow your opinion.
She is yet very exceedingly virtuous,
And has a lazinefs towards love: but, Sir,
She has too much wit, and great Wits will not long
Lye idle.

Efch. You have too much mirth to have fufpicion.

Ben. As I will not do Ladies fo much wrong

Efc. Do'ft thou deteft her therefore?

Elb. I fay fir, I will deteft my felfe alfo, as well as fhe, that this houfe, if it be not a Bauds houfe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houfe.

Efc. How do'ft thou know that Conftable?

Elb. Marry fir, but my wife, who, if fhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineffe there.

Efc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I fir, by Miftris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as fhe fpit in his face, fo fhe defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not fo.

Elb. Proue it before thefe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Efc. Doe you heare how he mifplaces?

Clo. Sir, fhe came in great with childe: and longing (fauing your honors reuerence) for ftewd prewyns; fir, we had but two in the houfe, which at that very diftant time, stood, as it were in a fruit difh (a difh of fome three pence; your honours haue feene fuch difhes) they are not China-difhes, but very good difhes.

Efc. Go too: go too: no matter for the difh fir.

Clo. No indeede fir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I fay, this Miftris *Elbow*, being (as I fay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I faid) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the difh (as I faid) Mafter *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the reft (as I faid) & (as I fay) paying for them very honeftly: for, as you know Mafter *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ftones of the forefaid prewyns.

Fro. I, fo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that fuch a one, and fuch a one, were paff cure of the thing you wot of, vnleffe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Efc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpofe: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath caufe to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

To mistrust any, so I'll do my self
The right to trust none.

Efch. This futes not with your Brothers purpose. [Enter Lucio, Balth.

Ben. Welcome, are either of you inclin'd to marriage?

Balt. How, marriage? it is a noofe for Ninnies;

Do you think I will have a Recheat winded
In my forehead, or hang my Bugle in
An invifible Baldrick?

Luc. If I ever marry, let mine eyes be
Pickt out with the Pen of a Ballad-maker,
And hang me up at the door of a Brothel,
For the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Ben. You fee, Signior *Efchalus*, my Brother makes
So many Enemies to propagation,
That if the Duke ftay long, he may chance find
A Dominion without Subjects.

Luc. If he have any, they will need
No Governour, for they will all be old
Enough to govern themselves.

[Enter Beatrice, Viola.

Ben. Here comes the Lady *April*, whose fair face
Is always incident to fome foul weather.

Beat. I wonder you will ftill be talking, *Benedick*;
No body marks you.

Ben. I mean to drink
Opium before I come in your Company,
That you may excufe my follies,
With faying, I talk in my fleep.

Beat. Where is Lord *Anglo*?

Efch. Madam, he is retir'd.

Beat. What to his Prayers?
As Executioners kneel down and ask pardon,
Before they handle the Axe.

Ben. Hale in Maine-Bolin! the ftorm begins!

Beat. Heaven fend the good Duke here again! do you
Not hear, Signior, *Efchalus*, of the Mutiny
In Town?

Efch. No, Madam, is there a Mutiny?

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Efc. No fir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Maister *Froth* here fir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maister *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truths: he Sir, fitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to fit, haue you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*

When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,

And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;

Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all.

..Exit.

Efc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Efc. Well fir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you fir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Maister *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Efc. I fir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Efc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Efc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposed vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Maister *Froth* doe the Conftables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Efc. He's in the right (Conftable) what say you to it?

Elb. Firft, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Miftris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Beat. All the Midwives, Nurfes, and Milk-women
Are up in Arms, becaufe the Governour
Has made a Law againft Lovers.

Ben. True, the Law is, that none who have not been
Bound Prentices to *Hymen*, fhall fet up
In the trade of making Children.

Efch. Madam, you will marry, and have your freedom.

Beat. Marry? yes, if you'll fafhion me a man
Of a middle conftitution, between
Lord *Angelo's* Carthufian gravity,
And his Brother *Benedick*; the one is
Too like a State-Image and fays nothing;
And the other, too like a Country Lady's
Eldeft Son, evermore talking.

Ben. Nay do but perfecute my Brother,
And I am fatiffy'd.

Beat. Signior *Efchalus*, is not my Wardfhip out?

Efch. Yes, Madam.

Beat. And this Houfe, where the Governour lives, mine own?

Efch. Madam, it is.

Beat. Methinks my Guardian
Is but a rude Tenant. How durft he with
Unmanly power, force my Coufin *Juliet* from me?

Efch. Lady, it was the Law that us'd that force.

Beat. The Law? is fhe not married by fuch Vows
As will ftand firm in Heaven? that's the fubftantial part
Which carries the effect, and muft fhe then
Be punifht for neglect of form?
Muft confcience be made good by compliment?

Ben. My Brother will have men behave themfelves
To Heaven, as Boys do to their Pedants: they
Muft not fay grace, without making their legs.

Beat. I am glad *Benedick*, to hear you
Sometimes in the right.

Ben. I'm in the right, Lady, only
As often as you are in the wrong.

Beat. Pray, Signior *Efchalus*, defire my Guardian

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Efc. Which is the wifer here; *Iustice or Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Efc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Efc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Efc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Efc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you fir.

Efc. So: what trade are you of, fir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Efc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Ouer-don*.

Efc. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

Efc. Nine? come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Efc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Efc. What else?

To let the Divines govern the Civilians.
 I would have my Coufins fpiritual marriage
 Stand good in confcience, though 'tis bad in Law.
 She muft not be lockt up within thick Walls,
 And Iron Gates. A Wood-bine Arbour will
 Prove ftrong enough to hold a Lady, when
 She is grown fo weak as to be in love.

Viol. Pray, Sifter, why is *Juliet* in Prifon?

Beat. Peace, *Viola*, you are too young to know.

Ben. She play'd with a bearded Baby, Miftrefs,
 Contrary to Law.

Viol. Alas, poor *Juliet*! I'll fing no more
 To the Governour, till he lets her out.

Beat. Sir, the Deputy drinks too much Vinegar;
 It makes his difpofition fowr.

Efch. Pray, Madam, tell him fo.

Beat. No, Sir, you States-men manage your difcourfe
 Amongft your felves by figns. I am not mute
 Enough to undertand your Myfteries.

Come, *Viola*, I'll write to the Duke.

[*Exeunt Beat. Viol.*]

Ben. This would make a rare Wife, were fhe not
 A woman.

Balt. You with the men, and fhe with the maids, will
 Quickly forbid all Banes.

Luc. If we do not
 Bring ill Poefies of Wedding Rings out of
 Fafhion, let's not be numbered with the Wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelo and Provost.

Ang. What is your bufinefs, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* fhall dye to morrow?

Ang. Did I not fay he fhould? had you not order?
 Why do you ask again?

Prov. Left I might be too rafh.
 Under your good correftion, I have feen
 When, after execution, the wife Judge
 Has his rafh doom repented.

Ang. Do you your office, or elfe give it up,

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Efc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaftlieft fence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howfoeuer you colour it in being a Tapfter, are you not? come, tell me true, it fhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Efc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Efc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it fhall not be allowd in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and fplay all the youth of the City?

Efc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Efc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiffion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireft houle in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to fee this come to paffe, fay *Pompey* told you fo.

Efc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduife you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatfoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I fhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a fhrewd *Cæfar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I fhall haue you whipt; fo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I fhall follow it as the flesh and fortune fhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Efc. Come hether to me, Mafter *Elbow*: come hither Mafter Conftable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conftable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

Efc. I thought by the readineffe in the office, you had continued in it fome time: you fay feuen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe fir

And you fhall well be fpar'd.

Prov. I crave your Excellencies pardon.
What fhall be done with the weeping *Juliet*?

Ang. Difpofe of her to fome apartment in
The Prifon, where *Claudio* may not fee her. [Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a Sifter of the man condemn'd,
Defires accefs to you.

Ang. Already is his Sifter come,
She has the reputation, Provoft, of
A virtuous Maid.

Prov. I, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,
And to be fhortly of a Sifterhood.

Ang. Let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

Provoft take care that *Juliet* be remov'd
At diftance from her Lover. [Enter Lucio, Ifabella.

Prov. Heaven ftill preferve your Excellence.

Ang. Stay here awhile. Y'are welcome, what's your will?

Ifab. I am a woful Sutor to your Excellence,
If you in goodnefs will vouchfafe to hear me.

Ang. What is your fuit?

Ifab. There is a vice which moft I do abhor,
And moft defire that it fhould meet rebuke;
For which I would not plead, but that I muft.

Ang. Well, come to the matter.

Ifab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to dye.
I would befeech you to condemn the fault, and not
My Brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Is not each fault condemn'd e're it be done?
I were the very Cipher of Authority,
If I fhould fine the fault, whofe fine ftands in
Record, and yet forgive the Actor.

Ifab. Oh juft! but yet fevere Law!
I had a Brother then. Heaven keep you, Sir.

Luc. Give it not over fo, to him again:
Kneel down before him; y' are too cold.

Ifab. Muft he needs dye?

E/c. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you : they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

Elb. 'Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

E/c. Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or feuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house fir?

E/c. To my house : fare you well : what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir.

E/c. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iust. I humbly thanke you.

E/c. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie :

Iust. Lord *Angelo* is feuere.

E/c. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :
But yet, poore *Claudia* ; there is no remedie.
Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause ; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe ; Ile know

His pleasure, may be he will relent ; alas

He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rash :

Vnder your good correction, I haue seene

Ang. Virgin, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes, I believe that you might pardon him;
And neither Heaven, nor man, would at
The mercy grieve.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. You can then if you would?

Ang. That which I should not do, I cannot do.

Ifab. But you may do it, Sir, and do the world
No hurt: I would your heart were toucht with such
Remorse, as mine is to him.

Ang. He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too tame.

Ifab. Too late? I who have spoke a word, may call
The meaning back. No Ceremony,
No Ornament which to the Great belongs;
Not the Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Martial's Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,
Become them with so beautiful a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you might have err'd like him;
But he like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. I pray be gone.

Ifab. Would Heaven, if you were *Ijabbell*, that I
A while might have your pow'r, to let you see
How soon the sorrow of a Sisters tears,
Should cleanse the foulness of a Brothers fault.

Luc. That is the Vain, touch is boldly.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law;
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas, alas, all Souls were forfeit once;
And he who might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. What would you do
If he, who on the utmost top of heights,
On Judges sits, should judge you as you are?

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid.

It was the Law, not I, condemn'd your Brother;
Were he my Kinsman or my Son, it should

When after execution, Iudgment hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you fhall well be fpar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What fhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shée's very neere her howre.

Ang. Difpofe of her
To fome more fitter place; and that with fpeed.

Ser. Here is the fifter of the man condemn'd,
Defires acceffe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sifter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be fhortlie of a Sifter-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatrefe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,
There fhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Ifabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

Ifab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your fuite.

Ifab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Ifab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the aſtor of it,

Be with him thus. And he muſt dye to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? Oh that's fudden! ſpare him! ſpare him!
He's not prepar'd. Even for our Kitchens we
The Fowl of Seaſon kill. Shall we ſerve Heaven
With leſs reſpect, than we would miniſter
To our groſs felves? My Lord, in mercy ſpeak!
Who is it that has dy'd for this offence?
Too many have committed it.

Luc. Well ſaid.

Ang. The Law has not been dead, though it has ſlept.
Thoſe many had not dar'd to act that crime,
If he who firſt did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. 'Tis now awake;
Takes note of what is done, and Prophet-like,
Looks in a Glaſs, which ſhows what future ills,
Might by remiſſneſs be in progrefs hatcht.

Ifab. Yet ſhow ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhow it moſt, when I moſt Juſtice ſhow,
For I commiferate then, even thoſe whom I
Shall never know; and whoſe offences, if
They were forgiven, might afterwards deſtroy them.
And alſo do him right, who, puniſht for
One pleaſing crime, lives not to act another.
Be ſatiſfy'd; your Brother dies to morrow.

Ifab. So you, my Lord, muſt be the firſt that e're
This ſentence gave, and he the firſt that ſuffers it.
'Tis excellent to have a Giants ſtrength;
But Tyrannous to uſe it like a Giant.

Luc. Well ſaid again.

Ifab. If men could thunder
As great *Jove* does, *Jove* ne'er would quiet be;
For every cholerick petty Officer,
Would uſe his Magazine in Heaven for Thunder:
We nothing ſhould but Thunder hear. Sweet Heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſtiff and fulph'rous bolt
Doſt ſplit the knotty and obdurate Oak,
Than the ſoft Mirtle. O but man, proud man!

Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done :
 Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
 To fine the faults, whose fine ftands in record,
 And let goe by the A^ctor :

Ifab. Oh iuft, but feuerē Law :

I had a brother then ; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue 't not ore fo : to him againe, entreat him,
 Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
 You are too cold : if you fhould need a pin,
 You could not with more tame a tongue defire it :
 To him, I fay.

Ifab. Muft he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Ifab. Yes : I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
 And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Ifab. But can you if you would ?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Ifab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
 If fo your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
 As mine is to him ?

Ang. Hee's fentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Ifab. Too late ? why no : I that doe fpeak a word
 May call it againe : well, beleue this
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,
 Not the Kings Crowne ; nor the deputed fword,
 The Marfhalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
 Become them with one halfe fo good a grace
 As mercie does : If he had bin as you, and you as he,
 You would haue flipt like him, but he like you
 Would not haue beene fo fterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Ifab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
 And you were *Ifabell* : fhould it then be thus ?
 No : I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
 And what a prifoner.

(Dreft in a little brief authority,
 Moft ignorant of what he thinks himfelf
 Affur'd) does in his glaſſy effence, like
 An angry Ape, play fuch fantaſtick tricks
 Before high Heaven, as would make Angels laugh
 If they were mortal, and had fpleens like us.

Luc To him, he will relent, I feel him coming.

Prov. Pray Heaven ſhe gain him!

Ang. Why do you uſe this paſſion before me?

Iſab. Authority, though it does err like others,
 Yet has a kind of Med'cine in it ſelf,
 Which ſkins the top of every vice.
 Knock at your boſom, Sir, and ask your heart
 If it contains no crime, reſembling my
 Poor Brothers fault, and then, if it confeſs
 A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as his is.
 Let it not found a ſentence from your tongue,
 Againſt my Brothers life.

Ang. She ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe
 As with my reaſon breeds ſuch Images,
 As ſhe has excellently form'd. Farewel.

Iſab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back!

Ang. I will bethink me, come again to morrow.

Iſab. Hearn, how I'll bribe you; good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Iſab. I, with ſuch gifts that Heaven ſhall ſhare with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all elfe.

Iſab. With early Prayers that ſhall be up at Heaven,
 And enter there before
 The mornings Caſement opens to the World;
 The Prayers of faſting maids.

Ang. Well, come to me to morrow.

Luc. Enough, away!

Iſab. All that is good be near your Excellence.

Ang. I thank you.

Iſab. At what hour ſhall I attend you.

Ang. At any time e're noon.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinfman, brother, or my ſonne,
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.

Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well ſaid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath flept
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firſt, that did th' Ediſt infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euils
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,
And ſo in progrefſe to be hate'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pittie.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,

Ifab. The Angels still preserve you.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*]

Ang. From all, but from thy virtue maid!

I love her virtue. But, temptation! O!

Thou false and cunning guide! who in disguise
Of Virtues shape lead'st us through Heaven to Hell.

No vicious Beauty could with practis'd Art

Subdue, like Virgin-innocence, my heart.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Duke in disguise of a Fryar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good Father?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blessed Orders,

I come to visit the afflicted minds

In Prison here. Do me the common right,

To let me see them; and to let me know

The nature of their crimes; that I may minister

Accordingly to their relief.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one, who in her flames of youth

[*Enter Juliet.*]

Has blister'd her fair fame. She is with Child,

And he that got it sentenc'd.

Duke. When must he dye?

Prov. As I believe, to morrow.

I'll go in, and prepare him for your visit:

In the mean time bestow your counsel here.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. Reprint your (fair one) of the fin you carry?

Jul. I bear my punishment most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Lov'd you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems you mutually have fin'd?

Jul. We mutually have fin'd against the Law:

And I repent for it, but am as much

Afflicted at my ignorance,

Not knowing 'twas a fin when I transgress'd,

As at the fin it self.

Which a difmis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that anfwering one foule wrong
 Liues not to act another. Be fatisfied;
 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you muft be ye firft that giues this fentence,
 And hee, that fuffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To haue a Giants ftrength: but it is tyrannous
 To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well faid.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
 As *Ioue* himfelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
 For euery pelting petty Officer
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: Merciful heauen,
 Thou rather with thy fharp and fulpherous bolt
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
 Then the foft Mertill: But man, proud man,
 Dreft in a little brieft authoritie,
 Moft ignorant of what he's moft affur'd,
 (His glafsie Effence) like an angry Ape
 Plaies fuch phantaftique tricks before high heauen,
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
 Would all themfelues laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
 Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen fhe win him.

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our felfe,
 Great men may ielt with Saints: tis wit in them,
 But in the leffe fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Ifab. That in the Captaine 's but a chollericke word,
 Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put theſe fayings vpon me?

Ifab. Becaufe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
 Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felfe
 That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bofome,

Duke. If Daughter you repent that fin, becaufe
It brings you fhame, it is a common, and
An erring grief, which looks more at our felves,
Than towards Heaven; not fparing Heaven for love,
But fear.

Jul. As 'tis an evil I repent, and grieve not for
The fhame, becaufe you think it is deferv'd.

Duke. There reft.
Your Partner (as I hear) muft dye to morrow;
And I am going with inftructions to him.
Grace go with you.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Muft dye to morrow? oh injurious love!
It refpites me a life whofe very beft
Is ftill a dying horror.

[*Exit.*

Enter Claudio, Lucio, Balthazar.

Balth. *Claudio*, to tarry longer with you now,
Were but to lofe that time which we
Muft husband for your benefit. No care
Is wanting in your Sifter, nor in us.

Luc. Our Lawyers make good Merchandife of Women,
The head of a man pays for a maidenhead.

Claud. There is no rack fo painful in this Prifon,
As that which ftretches me 'tween hope and doubt.
All I defire is certainty.

Balt. You fpeak as if you were already in
Another world; for there's no certainty
In this. We'll fee you hourly, fo farewell.

Luc. When I leave this wanting world, to meet death,
I'll ride Poft to him on a Hobby-horfe,
And fence againft his Dart with a Fools Bauble.

Claud. By all your loyal friendfhip, *Balthazar*,
Let *Juliet* be protected with your care,
And courage, from injurious tongues.

Balt. I will deferve your truft.

Claud. Pray ferve her with a noble tendernefs,
In all that her afflictions fhall require.

Balt. I need not fuch a ftrict command.

Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A natural guiltineffe, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such fence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Aug. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Ifa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Aug. How? bribe me?

If. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferued foules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Ifab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croffe.

Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Ifab. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,

Away, let's leave him to his meditations.

Luc. Remember *Claudio*,

This wicked world does homage to rich Fools,

That Modesty may more betray our Sence
 Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
 And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
 What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
 That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
 Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
 When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
 That I desire to heare her speake againe?
 And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
 To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
 With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
 Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
 Subdues me quite: Euer till now
 When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visite the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: doe me the common right
 To let me see them: and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the flawses of her owne youth,
 Hath blithered her report: She is with childe,

*Scena Quarta.**Enter Angelo.*

An. When I would pray & think, I thinke, and pray
 To feuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
 Whilft my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
 Anchors on *Ifabell*: heauen in my mouth,
 As if I did but onely chew his name,
 And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
 Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
 Is like a good thing, being often read
 Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
 Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
 Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
 Wrench awe from fooles, and tie the wiser foules
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
 Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
 'Tis not the Deuills craft: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Ifabell*, a Sister, desires acceffe to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
 Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it vnable for it selfe,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitnesse?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that f wounds,
 Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
 By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
 The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
 Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
 Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
 Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Ifabella.

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please me,

Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

I/ab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt die.

I/ab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

I/ab. When, I beſeech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his foule ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? ſie, theſe filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcie ſweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falfely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in refrained meanes
To make a falſe one.

I/ab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt iuſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to ſuch ſweet vnclanneſſe
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?

I/ab. Sir, beleeeue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my foule.

Ang. I talke not of your foule: our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

I/ab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in finne,
To ſaue this Brothers life?

I/ab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my foule,
It is no finne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your foule
Were, equall poize of finne, and charitie.

I/ab. That I do beg his life, if it be finne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my fuit,
If that be fin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anfwere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good,

I/ab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wifhes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it felfe: As thefe black Masques
Proclaime an en-fhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile fpeake more groffe:
Your Brother is to dye.

I/ab. So.

Ang. And his offence is fo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

I/ab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to faue his life
(As I fubfcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sifter,
Finding your felfe defir'd of fuch a perfon,
Whofe creadit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to faue him, but that either
You muft lay downe the treafures of your body,
To this fupposed, or elfe to let him fuffer:
What would you doe?

I/ab. As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreffion of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And ftrip my felfe to death, as to a bed,

That longing haue bin ficke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to flame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Ifa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a fifter, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue flander'd fo?

Ifa. Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houfes: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the fliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Ifa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what vve meane;
I something do excufe the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Ifa. Elfe let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and fucceed thy weakneffe.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Ifa. I, as the glaffes where they view themfelues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falfe prints.

Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this teftimonie of your owne fex
(Since I fuppofe we are made to be no ftronger
Then faults may fhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreft your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.

If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) fhew it now,
By putting on the deftin'd Liuerie.

I/a. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you fpeake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

I/a. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he fhall die for't.

Ang. He fhall not *I/abell* if you giue me loue.

I/a. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which feesmes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpofe.

I/a. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And moft pernicious purpofe: Seeming, feeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a prefent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ftretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee, *I/abell*?
My vnfoild name, th'auftereneffe of my life,
My vouch againft you, and my place i'th State,
Will fo your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you fhall ftifle in your owne reporr,
And fmell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my fenfuall race, the reine,
Fit thy confent to my fharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and proluxious blufhes
That banifh what they fue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or elfe he muft not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneffe fhall his death draw out
To lingring fufferance: Anfwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moft,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falfe, ore-weighs your true.

Exit.

Ifa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfefame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtzie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,
Before his sifter should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Ifabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest.

Exit.

And witty men want money.

[*Enter Provost.*

Prov. A Father desires to speak with you.

[*Ex. Claudio, Provost.*

Luc. Methinks it is too late for *Claudio* to Expect a Reprieve.

Balt. Hope is so familiar an acquaintance,
That though she stays with us all day, yet we
Are loth to part with her at night.

Luc. Where is *Benedick*?

Balt. Gone to *Beatrice*, she just now sent for him.

Luc. We shall never out-face the world with our
Invektives against marriage, for I find
Sexes will meet, though Mountains and rough Seas
Make a long space between them. Our design
On *Benedick* and *Beatrice* must be pursued.

Balt. Let's to the Governours, and in the way
I'll tell thee how we ought to manage it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Angelo.

But as an idle plume worn in the wind.

[*Enter Servant.*

Serv. The Sister, Sir, of *Claudio* desires access.

Ang. Shew her the way into the Gallery.

[*Exit Servant.*

Ang. My weighty Office I can value now,
Why does my blood, thus flowing to my heart,
Make it unable for it self, whilst then
It dispossesses other parts of that
Which they in lesser streams would useful make ?
So deal officious throngs, with him who frowns ;
They come to help him, and they stop the air
By which he should revive ; and so
The numerous Subjects to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to
His preference crowd, where their unwelcome love,
Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

[*Exit.*

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.**Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?*Cla.* The miserable haue no other medicine

But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do loofe thee, I do loofe a thing

That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,

Seruile to all the skyie-influences,

That doft this habitation where thou keepft

Hourely afflikt: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,

For him thou labourft by thy flight to fhun,

And yet runft toward him ftill. Thou art not noble,

For all th'accommodations that thou bearft,

Are nurft by bafeneffe: Thou'rt by no means valiant,

For thou doft fear the foft and tender forke

Of a poore worme: thy beft of reft is fleepe,

And that thou oft prouoakft, yet groffellie fearft

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felfe,

For thou exifts on manie a thoufand graines

That iffue out of duft. Happie thou art not,

For what thou haft not, ftill thou ftriu'ft to get,

And what thou haft forgetft. Thou art not certaine,

For thy complexion fhifts to ftrange effects,

After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,

For like an Affe, whofe backe with Ingots bowes;

Thou bearft thy heauie riches but a iournie,

And death vnloads thee; Friend haft thou none.

For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire

The meere effufion of thy proper loines

Do curfe the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume

For ending thee no fooner. Thou haft nor youth, nor age

But as it were an after-dinners fleepe

Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Ifabel, Angelo.**Ifab.* I Am come to know your pleasure.*Ang.* That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis: you Brother cannot live.*Ifab.* Even so, Heaven keep your Excellence.*Ang.* Stay a little,For he perhaps may live awhile: nay, and
As long as you or I, since none can know
Their own appointed ends. Yet, he must dye.*Ifab.* Under your sentence?*Ang.* Yes.*Ifab.* When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer or Shorter) he may be so fitted
That his Soul may not suffer with his body.*Ang.* He had a filthy vice. It were as good
To pardon him that has from Nature stoln
A man already made, as to permit
Their fawcy sweetnesss, who Heavens Image coyn
In Stamps which are forbid.*Ifab.* That is set down in Heaven, but not on Earth.*Ang.* How? say you so? then I shall quickly poze you.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Should take your Brothers life, or to redeem him,
Give up your pretious self to such a blemish
As she permitted whom he stain'd?*Ifab.* I'll rather give my Body than my Soul.*Ang.* I talk not of your foul. Our compell'd fins
Do more for number stand, than for account.*Ifab.* How say you, Sir?*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say: answer to this.
I (now the voice of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in fin,

Of palfied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limbe, nor beautie
 To make thy riches pleaſant : what's yet in this
 That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thouſand deaths ; yet death we feare
 That makes theſe oddes, all euen.

Cla. I humblie thanke you.

To fue to liue, I finde I feeke to die,
 And ſeeking death, finde life : Let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere ; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deferues a welcome.

Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.

Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.

Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom : looke Signior, here's your fifter.

Duke. Prouoft, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.

Cla. Now fifter, what's the comfort?

Iſa. Why,

As all comforts are : moſt good, moſt good indeede,
 Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
 Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
 Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger ;
 Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
 To Morrow you ſet on.

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
 To cleaue a heart in twaine :

Clau. But is there anie?

Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue ;
 There is a diuellifh mercie in the Iudge,
 If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Iſa. I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint

To save this Brother's life?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my foul,
It is no fin at all, but charity.

Ang. You doing it at peril of your foul,
Make equal poize of fin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be fin,
Heav'n let me bear't. If it be fin for you
To grant my fuit, I'll make it still my Prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And not to your account.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine; sure you are ignorant;
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax it self; as a black Maik
Often proclaims a cover'd beauty more,
Than beauty does it elf, when openly
Displaid. But mark me *Ifabell*,
Or if I may more plainly be receiv'd,
I'll speak more home. Your Brother is to dye,

Ifab. So!

Ang. And his offence is such, as it appears
Accountant to the Law.

Ifab. True!

Ang. Admit no other way could save his life.
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
Unless by way of question) but that you
(Finding your self desir'd of such a man
Whose credit with the Judge, could free your Brother)
Must either yield the treasures of your youth,
Or else must let him dye: what would you do?

Ifab. As much for my poor Brother, as for *Ifabell*,
Th'impression of sharp whips I gladly would
As Rubies wear, and strip my self

Through all the worlds vastitidie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Ifa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,
And leaue you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Ifa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,
And fix or feuen winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'it thou die?
The fence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Clau. Why giue you me this shame?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneffe? If I must die,
I will encounter darkneffe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Ifa. There spake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conferue a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whose fetled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?

Ifa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer
In prenzie gardes: dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginie
Thou might'it be freed?

Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.

Ifa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence

Even for a Grave, as for a Bed, e're I
Would yield my honour up to flame.

Ang. Then muſt your Brother dye.

Ifab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a Brother dye a while,
Than that a Siſter, by redeeming him,
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Are you not then as cruel as that ſentence
Which you have flander'd fo?

Ifab. Ignoble ranſom, no proportion bears
To pardon freely given; and lawful mercy,
Is not at all akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a Tryant;
And fo your Brothers guiltineſs excuſ'd,
As if it rather might be ſtil'd
A recreation than a vice.

Ifab. O pardon me my Lord. Oft it falls out,
That Pleaders ſpeak not what they mean,
In hope to get what they would have.
[ſometimes may excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage, whom I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Elſe let my Brother dye.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Ifab. I, as the glaſſes where they ſee themſelves,
Which are as eaſ'ly broke, as they make forms.
Women? help Heaven! pray call us ten times frail,
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And ſoon a bad impreſſion take.

Ang. And from this teſtimony of your own Sex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we are not made ſo ſtrong,
But that our faults, may ſhake our frames) let me
Be bold t'arreſt your words. Be what you are,
That is, a woman, if y'are more, y'are none,
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all eternal warrants) ſhew it now.

Ifab. I have no Tongue but one. Gentle my Lord,

So to offend him ftill. This night's the time
That I fhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elfe thou dieft to morrow.

Clau. Thou fhalt not do't.

Ifa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.

Clau. Thankes deere *Ifabell*.

Ifa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nofe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no finne,
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leaft.

Ifa. Which is the leaft?

Clau. If it were damnable, he being fo wife,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Ifabell*.

Ifa. What faies my brother?

Clau. Death is a fearfull thing.

Ifa. And fhamed life, a hatefull.

Clau. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obftruction, and to rot,
This fenfible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted fpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprifon'd in the viewleffe windes
And blowne with reftleffe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worfe then worft
Of thofe, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieft, and moft loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprifonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradife
To what we feare of death.

Ifa. Alas, alas.

Clau. Sweet Sifter, let me liue.

Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Iſab. My Brother did love *Juliet*;

And you tell me he ſhall dye for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.

Iſab. Your pow'r may your diſcretion licence give,

And make you ſeem much fouler than you are,

To draw on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,

My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour, to be much believ'd,

Your purpoſe is pernicious now diſcern'd.

I will proclaim thee *Angelo*, look for't;

Sign me a preſent pardon for my Brother,

Or I will tell the world aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe you *Iſabell*?

My unſoil'd name, auſterity of life,

My word againſt you, and my place i'th' State,

Will ſo your accuſation overweigh,

That you'll be ſtifled in your own report.

And now I give my ſenſual race the rains.

Yield to my paſſion, or your Brother muſt

Not only dye, but your unkindneſs ſhall

Draw out his death to lingering pains.

To morrow anſwer me, or by that love

Which now does guide me, I will be

A Tyrant to him.

[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhall I complain?

If I tell this, who will believ't?

I'll to my Brother ſtraight,

That he may know falſe *Angelo's* requeſt,

And then prepare for his eternal reſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter Benedick and Beatrice, ſeveral ways.

Ben. I was told, Lady, you would ſpeak with me.

Beat. I would, and I would not.

Ben. Then I'll ſtay, or I will not ſtay;

What finne you do, to saue a brothers life,
Nature dispenſes with the deeds ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

I/a. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped flip of wilderneſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand praiers for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.

Cl. Nay heare me *Iſabell*.

I/a. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would proue it ſeſe a Bawd,
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Cl. Oh heare me *Iſabella*.

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word.

I/a. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leſſure, I would by and by haue ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatiſfaction I would require, is likewiſe your owne benefit.

I/a. I haue no ſuperfluous leſſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paſt between you & your ſiſter. *Angelo* had neuer the purpoſe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to praſtiſe his iudgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receiue: I am Confeſſor to *Angello*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your ſeſe to death: do not ſatiſfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

'Tis all one to me.

Beat. Nay, I know you are but an indifferent man :
Yet now by chance, I rather am inclin'd
That you should stay.

Ben. And 'tis a greater chance
That our inclinations should so soon meet ;
For I will stay.

Beat. Your brother is a proper Prince, he rules
With a Rod in's hand instead of a Scepter,
Like a Country School-Master in a Church ;
He keeps a large Palace with no Attendants,
And is fit to have none but Boys for his Subjects.

Ben. As ill as he governs (if my
Design thrive against the Fetters of marriage,
As his does against the liberty of Lovers)
His rule may last till the end of the world ;
For there will be no next Generation.

Beat. Would I might trust you *Benedick*.

Ben. Madam, you believe me to have some honour.
If you have most secretly invented
A new Dressing, can you think I'll reveal
The fashion, before you wear it?

Beat. Notwithstanding your seeming indisposition
To inventions of Fashions, yet there be
Those in *Turin*, who have intercepted
Packets between you and Tailors of *Paris*.
Well, though those are but light correspondents,
Yet I would trust you in matter of weight.

Ben. I hope, Lady, you have no plot upon me.
I'll marry no woman.

Beat. I did not think you had been so well natur'd,
As to prevent the having any of
Your breed. Marry you? what should I do with you?
Dress you in my old Gown, and make you my
Waiting Woman?

Ben. A waiting Woman with a Beard?

Beat. I shall ne'er endure a Husband with a Beard.

Clā. Let me ask my fifter pardon, I am fo out of loue with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouoft*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promifes with my habit, no loffe fhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the foule of your complexion, fhall keepe the body of it euer faire: the affault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderftanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I fhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subftitute, and to faue your Brother?

Ifab. I am now going to refolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne fhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can fpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or difcouer his gouernment.

Duke. That fhall not be much amiffe: yet, as the matter now ftands, he will auoid your accufation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faften your eare on my aduifings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie preffents it felfe. I doe make my felfe belecue that you may moft vprighteoufly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no ftaine to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if peraduenture he fhall euer returne to haue hearing of this bufineffe.

Ifab. Let me heare you fpeake farther: I haue fpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my fpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard fpeake of *Mariana* the fifter of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who mifcarried at Sea?

Ifa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee fhould this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the folemmitie, her brother *Fredricke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perifhed veffell, the dowry of his fifter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there fhe loft a noble and renowned brother, in

I had rather lye in woolen.

Ben. Though you disguise matrimonial pretensions,
With pretty scorn, yet I am glad I have
A Beard for my own defence. And though fashion
Makes me have much (and that you believe me
A lover of fashions) yet mine shall grow
To a very bush, for my greater security.
But, pray proceed to your matter of weight.

Beat. I will trust you; not as a man of love,
But a man of Arms.

Ben. At your own peril.
And more to encourage you, I will declare
That though I'm very loth to come within
The narrow compass of a Wedding Ring;
Yet I owe every fair Lady a good turn.
But to the business.

Beat. In brief you must
Renew familiarity with your Brother;
And steal the use of his Signet to seal
Julietta's pardon and her liberty,
And *Claudio's* too: this done, they shall practise
Their escape, I'll endeavour mine; and you
Signior may shift for your self.

Ben. This is but betraying an ill Brother,
For a good purpose; I'll do't if I can.

Beat. You shall give me the Signet, for I'll have
All in my own management.

Ben. No, though I rob my Brother of the Signet;
You shall not rob me of the danger.

Beat. Then I'll proceed no further.

Ben. That as you please.

Beat. You would have the honour of the business.

Ben. 'Tis due to my Sex.

Beat. Fare you well Sir——yet you
May come again an hour hence, to receive
An ill look.

Ben. That will not fright me much; for you can look

his loue toward her, euer moft kinde and naturall: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-feeming *Angelo*.

Ifab. Can this be fo? did *Angelo* fo leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: fwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, difcoueries of difhonor: in few, beftow'd her on her owne lamentation, which fhe yet weares for his fake: and he, a marble to her teares, is wafhed with them, but relents not.

Ifab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can fhee auaille?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eafily heale: and the cure of. it not onely faues your brother, but keepees you from difhonor in doing it.

Ifab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firft affection: his vniuft vnkindeneffe (that in all reafon fhould haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to *Angelo*, anfwere his requiring with a plaufible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felfe to this aduantage; firft, that your ftay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all fhadow, and filence in it: and the place anfwere to conuenience: this being granted in courfe, and now followes all: wee fhall aduife this wronged maid to fteed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother faued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy fcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Ifab. The image of it giues me content already, and I truft it will grow to a moft prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: hafte you fpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promife of fatisfaction: I will prefently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deiefted *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and difpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Ifab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

No better than you use to do. [*Ex. Ben. at one door. Enter Viola at another.*]

Viol. Sifter, I have got Verfes. Signior *Lucio*
Made them: he and *Balthazar* are within.

Beat. Is *Lucio* become a man of meetre?
That's the next degree upward to the giddy
Station of a foolish Lover. They are
Compos'd into a Song too. Sing it *Viola*.

Viola fings the SONG.

Viol.

WAke all the dead! what ho! what ho!
How foundly they sleep whose Pillows lye low?
They mind not poor Lovers who walk above
On the Decks of the World in storms of love.
No whisper now nor glance can pass
Through Wickets or through Panes of Glafs ;
For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd.
Lye close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
In ev'ry Grave make room, make room!
The Worlds at an end, and we come, we come.

2.

The State is now Love's foe, Love's foe;
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for Lovers to meet.
But O sad chance, his Judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his process would draw.
O Heavens that love should be subject to law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed!

Enter Lucio, Balthazar.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, you are grown so desp'rate
As to write Verfes.

Luc. Very little bufiness, much love,
And no money makes up a parcel-Poet.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and fell men and women like beafts, we fhall haue all the world drinke browne & white baftard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what ftuffe is heere.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world fince of two vfuries the merriest was put downe, and the worfer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to fignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, ftands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way fir: 'bleffe you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ftrange Pick-lock, which we haue fent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fire, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou caufest to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From fuch a filthie vice: fay to thy felfe,
From their abhominable and beaftly touches
I drinke, I eate away my felfe, and liue:
Canft thou beleuee thy liuing is a life.
So ftinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ftinke in fome fort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for fin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prifon Officer:
Correction, and Inftitution muft both worke
Ere this rude beaft will profit.

Elb. He muft before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-mafter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as fome would feeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from feeming free.

But the Verses are not mine.

Beat. Whose are they?

Luc. *Balthazar* knows the Author.

Balt. Not better than you, who had them from him.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let him tell you.

Balt. Excuse me, Sir, I am as chary of
Getting my friend the ill name of a Poet,
As you are.

Beat. Why Gentlemen, you will not make
A secret of telling the hour of the day,
When your Watches are ready to strike?
Pray whose are the Verses?

Luc. Madam, the Author's name is *Benedick*.

Beat. Is't possible? I am glad he lies bare
Under the lash of the Wits. There are now
No such Tormentors in *Turin* as the Wits.
Poor *Benedick*, they'll have him on the Rack
E're night; why they will draw a strong line, to
The subtle weakness of a Spinners thread.

Balth. I fear he will be quickly liable
To a greater torment, than any that
The Wits can inflict.

Luc. Madam, we are your vow'd Servants,
We cannot chuse but tell you all. *Balthazar*,
You made the first discovery, you may speak it.

Balt. Madam, 'tis not civil to lengthen your
Expectation. He is in love.

Beat. In love? that were a sudden change, and would shew
More of the Moon in him, than is in a Mad-woman.
Good *Balthazar* with whom?

Balt. *Lucio* was ready to dye laughing when
He found it, and swore then he would tell you.

Beat. Keep your oath, *Lucio*; who is't that has caught him?

Luc. Nay, Madam, you now impose upon me.

Beat. Let me intreat you.

Luc. Why then, as sure as you can love no Lover,
He loves you.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What faist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What faith thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vvay? Is it fad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill vvorſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth fir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith fir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprifon him: If imprifonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you vvill keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed vvil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.

Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Beat. This founds like fiction and design.
 Good *Bathazar*, he is but newly gone
 From hence, go seek him out, and bring him back ;
 Your friendship may prevail with him.

Luc. It will beget more mirth, than belongs
 To a Morrice, in the month of *May*.

Balt. But I beseech you no words of our discovery.

Beat. Signior, you may trust me. [Exit Balthazar.
 Perhaps, *Lucio*, you cannot think it strange,
 That I believe you of my Party ;
 And fitter for my trust than *Balthazar*.

Luc. O no, Madam, I have been trusted by
 Young Ladies e're now.

Beat. Are you sure *Benedick* loves me? he has
 No fashion of a Lover in publick.

Luc. Poor man, he has two contrary extreams
 Of Love-madness. He is in company
 As fantastical as a Fencer after
 His victory in a Prize ; but in private
 He will fight more than an old Dutch Pilot
 That has lost his Ship.

Beat. I shall have rare diversion if his fit holds.

Luc. It is not good to jest away mens lives.

Beat. I see you are serious : but will you swear this?

Luc. If you can endure the coarseness of swearing ;
 I've been unlucky at play in my time,
 And shall quickly swear like a losing Gamester.

Beat. Stay Sir, you may take up the fools commodity
 Of belief, without ingaging of oaths :
 I know you are a man of excellent temper.

Luc. Madam, I swear by——

Beat. I pray Sir hold!——

Luc. Nay if you would put me to't.

Beat. *Lucio*, you must disswade him from his love ;
 And I must trust you. I have but one heart,
 And that is already dispos'd off.

Luc. Madam, all Lovers compar'd to *Benedick*,

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe :
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperour of *Ruffia* : other some, he is in *Rome* : but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where : but whereſoeuer, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to : Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence : he puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him : Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and feueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is vvell allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, *Frier*, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this *Angelo* vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation : is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true : and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant fir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he vvould haue paide for the Nurfing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruice, and that inſtructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty : and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh ; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Are but lamentable Courtiers in old Cloaths.

Beat. Truly, he was wont to be merry.

Luc. E're he felt Love, his heart was as found
As any Bell, and his Tongue was the Clapper :
For what his Heart thought, his Tongue would speak.
Take heed, you must not lose him.

Beat. *Lucio*, my heart is design'd to another.

Luc. Madam, may I be bold t'enquire to whom?

Beat. You know the man.

Luc. Be he what he will, he must shew as ugly
As a tall man, fitting on a low stool
Before a Chimney, compar'd to *Benedick*.

Beat. You ought not to say so, when I name him.

Luc. Madam, I dare justify my friend.

Beat. I shall be angry if you compare him
To him whom I can name. Suppose it is
Signior *Lucio*.

Luc. Madam, I confess Comparisons
Are somewhat odious.

Beat. O, are they so? I pray let me advise you
Not to lessen your selfe; though I perceive
You cannot chuse but make much of your friend.

Luc. Sits the wind on that side? I must hoist sail
With Top, and Top-gallant.

Beat. But are you not ty'd Sir, by some deep vow
To wooe for *Benedick*? I am very tender
Of Mens vows.

Luc. Will you believe me, Madam?

Beat. Without oaths I beseech you.

Luc. He knows as much the matter of this visit,
As I do of the Great Turk's particular
Inclination to Red Herring.

Beat. Are you in earnest?

Luc. *Balthazar* and I
Were only over officious to serve him.

Beat. Nor he is not in love?

Luc. No more than a man that goes continually

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a fhie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleuee I know the caufe of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a fecret muft bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderftand, the greater file of the fubieft held the Duke to be vvife.

Duke. Wife? Why no queftion but he was.

Luc. A very fuperficial, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miftaking: The very ftream of his life, and the bufineffe he hath helmed, muft vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him me but teftimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee fhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: therefore you fpeake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleuee that, fince you know not what you fpeake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee defire you to make your anfwer before him: if it bee honeft you haue fpoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He fhall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppofite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll forfwere this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd firft: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canft thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why fhould he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-difh: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngeiturd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes muft not build in his houfeeues, becaufe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie anfwerd, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntruffing. Farwell good Friar, I

To Sea to make discoveries.

Beat. Then it appears a little strange,
That you made this hearty address for him.

Luc. On my honour, Madam, it was to get
Some opportunity to move for my self.

Beat. And you think him no extraordinary wit?

Luc. So, so, a modest wit, somewhat out of countenance
Being laugh't at; for then he grows as melancholy
As a Lodge in a Warren

Beat. Right, I use to laugh at him.
And then there's a Partridge wing fav'd at night;
For the Fool will eat no Supper.

Luc. Madam, I see you know him.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, be kind to your self.

[*Exit.*

Luc. *Lucio*, if thou were't any thing but *Lucio*,
I would hug thee to death. Some men in choler
Rail against Fortune, but I adore her:
She has made her fail of my Mothers Smock.
I would the Poets would fend us a dozen
Such Goddeffes.

[*Enter Balthazar.*

Bal. I have been seeking *Benedick*: and I
Am told now, he's gone up the back-stairs,
And is in private with the Deputy.
Where's the Lady *Beatrice*?

Luc. *Balthazar*, trouble not your selfe, for men
May often lose their labour.

Balt. How so?

Luc. *Benedick* is not the man she aims at.

Balt. He's very singular and eminent.
But I confess, this angling for Ladies
Is a very subtle sport.

Luc. There are Fishes of fantastical palats;
And will sometimes sooner bite at a Worm,
Than at a *May-Flye*.

Balt. She has a full fortune. Twelve thousand Crowns
A year

Luc. He will be safe from Creditors that has her.

[*Enter Viola.*

prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calummie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Provoost, and Bawd.

Efc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Efc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Lacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Efc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Efc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vse it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Efc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the diffolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as

Viol. Signior *Lucio*, my Sifter would speake with you.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Balthazar, I muſt e'en retire from buſineſs;

You ſee I cannot reſt for Ladies.

Balt. I prethee put the matter home.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Duke in Fryers Habit, Claudio, and Provost.

Claud. Father, I thank you! I am now of Death's

Small party, 'gainſt the Crowd who ſtrife for life.

[*Enter Ifab.*

Ifab. What hoa! Grace dwell within!

Prov. Who's there? the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e're long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt rev'rend Sir, I thank you.

Ifab. My buſineſs is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. You are welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sifter.

Duke. Provost, a word.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring me, where I conceal'd

May hear them ſpeak.

[*Ex. Duke, Provost.*

Claud. Now Sifter, what's the comfort?

Ifab. 'Tis ſuch as earthly comforts uſe to be,

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to Heaven,

Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador.

Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed;

To morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. Yes Brother, you may live;

There is a devilliſh mercy in the Judge

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. 'Tis worſe than cloſe reſtraint, and painful too

Beyond all tortures which afflict the body;

For 'tis a Rack invented for the mind.

Claud. But of what nature is it?

Ifab. 'Tis ſuch, as ſhould you give it your conſent,

Would leave you ſtript of all the wreaths of War,

All ornaments my Father's valour gain'd,

And ſhew you naked to the ſcornful world.

dangerous to be aged in any kinde of courfe, as it is vertuous to be conftant in any vndertaking. There is fcarfe truth enough alieue to make Societies fecure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurft: Much vpon this riddle runs the wifedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what difpofition was the Duke?

Efc. One, that aboue all other ftrifes,
Contented efpecially to know himfelfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Efc. Rather rejoycing to fee another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euent, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me defire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderftand, that you haue lent him vifitation.

Duke. He profefles to haue receiued no finifter meafure from his Iudge, but moft willingly humbles himfelfe to the determination of Iuftice: yet had he framed to himfelfe (by the inftitution of his frailty) manie deceyuing promifes of life, which I (by my good leifure) haue difcredited to him, and now is he refolu'd to die.

Efc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prifoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremeft fhore of my modeftie, but my brother-Iuftice haue I found fo feuer, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iuftice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Anfwere the ftraitneffe of his proceeding,
It fhall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath fentenc'd himfelfe.

Efc. I am going to vifit the prifoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the fword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as feueare:
Patterne in himfelfe to know,
Grace to ftand, and Vertue go:
More, nor leffe to others paying,
Then by felfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whofe cruell ftriking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble fhame on *Angelo*,

Claud. Acquaint me with my doom.

Ifab. If I could fear thee, *Claudio*, I should weep
Left thou a shameful life shouldst entertain,
And fix or seven short Winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ft thou dye?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the small Beetle, when we tread on it,
In corp'ral suff'rance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Gyant dyes.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From tendernefs? If I must dye,
I'll welcome darkness as a shining Bride.

Ifab. There spake my Brother: there my Fathers Grave
Utter'd cheerful voice. Yes, you must dye,
You are too noble to conserve a life
By wretched remedies. Our outward Saint
Does in his gracious looks disguise the Devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond, as foul as Hell.

Claud. The princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh, he is uglier than the frightful Fiend,
By Pencils of our cloyster'd Virgins drawn.
Speak, *Claudio*, could you think, you might on earth
Be guiltless made by him, if I would Heaven
(Which never injur'd us) foully offend?

Claud. Infernal *Angelo*! can this be true?

Ifab. Yes, he would clear you from your blackest crimes,
By making me much blacker than himself,
This night's the time, when he would have me do
What I abhor to name, or else you must
Be dead to morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. O, were it but my life,
I would for your deliverance throw it down,
Most frankly, *Claudio*.

Claud. Thanks dear *Ifabella*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Has he Religion in him? fure he thinks
It is no fin, or of the deadly seven
He does believe it is the leaf.

Ifab. Which is the leaf?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being wife.
Why should he for the momentary tafte
Of luft, eternally be fed with fire?
But *Ifabell*——

Ifab. What fays my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And living fhame more hateful.
Sure you have ftudy'd what it is to dye.
Claud. Oh Sifter, 'tis to go we know not whither.
We lye in filent darknefs, and we rot;
Where long our motion is not ftopt; for though
In Graves none walk upright (proudly to face
The Stars) yet there we move again, when our
Corruption makes thofe worms in whom we crawl.
Perhaps the Spirit (which is future life)
Dwells *Salamander*-like, unharm'd in fire:
Or elfe with wand'ring winds is blown about
The world. But if condemn'd like thofe
Whom our incertain thought imagines howling;
Than the moft loath'd and the moft weary life
Which Age, or Ache, want, or imprifonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradife
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet Sifter! I would live,
Were not the ranfom of my life much more
Than all your honour and your virtue too
(By which you are maintain'd) can ever pay,
Without undoing both.

Ifab. Prepare your felf, your line of life is fhort.

Claud. I am prepar'd: but Sifter, if
Your Brother you did ever love; or if

Our Mothers pity may your pattern be,
 Let *Juliet* in your tender bosom dwell;
 Who has no blemish, if such Laws
 As innocent antiquity allow'd,
 Were now of force, or if Religion here
 In *Turin*, did not more subsist
 By publick form, than private use.

Ifab. You want Authority to tax the Law.
 Let your submission your last virtue be.

Claud. Will you be good to *Juliet*?

Ifab. I will invite her to my breast, and to
 A cloyster'd shade, where we with mutual grief
 Will mourn, in sad remembrance of our loss.

Claud. Your promise is now register'd in Heaven.

Bear her this fatal pledge of our first Vows. [Gives her a Ring.

Farewel. To cloyster'all kindness both

Retire, where you may ever live above

The rage of pow'r, and injuries of love. [Exit, and the Duke steps in.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister, but one word. (Steps in.

Ifab. What is your will?

Duke.

Duke. I would some satisfaction crave of that,
 In which you likewise may have benefit.

Ifab. My sorrows, Father, hasten me away.
 I must beseech you to be brief.

Duke. The hand which made you fair, has made you good.

Th' assault which *Angelo* has to

Your virtue given, chance to my knowledge brings.

I have overheard you, and with much astonishment

I gaze on th' Image you have made of *Angelo*

Ifab. How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in such
 A Substitute? whose wickedness I will
 Proclaim to all the world.

Duke. Your accusation he will soon avoid,
 By saying he but tryal of

Your virtue made; therefore I wish you would
 Conceal his horrid purpose till fit time

Shall serve you at the Duke's return :

Do you conceive my counsel good ?

Ifab. Father I am oblig'd to follow it.

Duke. Where lodge you, virtuous Maid ?

Ifab. The Sisterhood of Saint Clare will soon inform you.

I lodge in the Apartment for probation.

Duke. There I'll attend you Daughter. Grace preserve you.

[*Exeunt several ways*]

*Enter Benedick and Beatrice at several doors,
and Viola with her.*

Beat. O Sir! you are a very princely Lover!

You cannot woo but by Ambassadors;

And may chance to marry by Proxy.

Ben. Your wit flows so fast.

That I'll not stem the tide; I'll cast Anchor,

And consult in your Cabin how to avoid

Danger. The Rocks are very near us.

Beat. How now? afraid of the Deputy's Ghost

Ere he be dead? my Sister shall lead you

Through the dark.

Ben. There is the Pardon.

Sign'd for *Juliet* and for *Claudio* too.

Beat. I thank you, *Benedick*. Give it me.

Ben. You are as nimble as a Squirrel, but

The Nuts are not so soon crackt.

Beat. Unless I have it I'll take back my thanks.

Ben. If it be possible to fix Quick-silver

Stay but a little.

Beat. What would you say?

Ben. *Efchalus* is in the Plot,

And was brought to't with more fears, than a furr'd

Alderman to an insurrection

Of Prentices.

Beat. Signior *Efchalus*? could his gravity

Venture to change his Gold Chain for a Halter?

Ben. I was fain to pretend hourly correspondence

With th' absent Duke; which gain'd me his respect.

I affur'd him a promotion, and then
 He grew willing to betray his Friend
 And fellow-States-man my Brother. For men
 Of that Tribe are very loving, but especially
 To themselves. He furpriz'd the Signet,
 And counterfeited the hand.

Beat. Give it me, I long to be about it.

Ben. A little patience; You would make your self
 Ready without your Glaſs.

Beat. Theſe male-Conſpirators are ſo tedious.

Ben. I muſt convey it to the Provost, and
 Engage his ſecrecy.

Beat. Make haſte, you muſt not ſtay
 So long as to be civil to him at parting.

Ben. My Coach attends me at the Gate.

Beat. O, I forgot! your two Confed'rates have
 Been here, and brought verſes from you.

Ben. Verſes? and from me?

Beat. Yes, and they woo'd for you, but *Lucio*
 Was ſoon perſwaded to ſpeak for himſelf.
 He ſays you are a meer Country-Wit.

Ben. I'll dip him in this Plot, till he grow ſolemn
 With buſineſs. If it were fit
 To be malicious, that Caytiff, *Lucio*, ſhould have his
 Coxcomb cut off for fooliſh Treafon.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*]

Enter Eſchelus meeting Benedick.

Eſch. My Lord, the Warrant for the Pardon? have you it?

Ben. Why aſk you, Sir?

Eſch. Still wear it in your hand, and watch it there.

Ben. I keep it 'tween my Finger and my Thumb,
 As cloſe as a catcht Flea.

Are you afraid it will ſkip from me?

Eſch. The matter is of dreadful conſequence.

Ben. Fear nothing, Sir; the World would ſtill
 Run ſwiftly round; but for you State-Cripples,
 Who make it halt with your politick ſtops
 Of too much caution.

To vveede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward fide?
How many likeneffe made in crimes,
Making practice on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders ftrings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betrothed (but despised :)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falsehood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting.

E/ch. If your Brother, the Deputy,
Circumvent us, you'll secure me by the Duke?

Ben. You shall add a lease of my life to your own.

Be resolute, I am in haste.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Jailor, Juliet.

Viola knocking within.

Viol. within. My Cousin Juliet, are you here? [*Jailor opens the door.*]

This fellow lookse like a man boy'd

[*Enter Viola.*]

In Pomp-water. Is he marry'd.

Jul. Are you not frightened with this dismal place?

How does your Sister? speak, does she not blush

When she remembers me?

Viol. I bring you good news!

Cousin, I would not meet that man in the dark.

Does he dwell here to lock up children

That are imprison'd for crying?

Jul. Tell me your happy news; Dear *Viola*!

Viol. Nay I can tell you none, yet 'tis very good.

You shall hear all to morrow.

Jul. To morrow is the last in my short Calendar.

Viol. I have heard more than I will speak. You shall

Come forth and lye with me, and dream all night

Of new Dreifings, and dance all day.

Jul. Would I had ne're outliv'd this innocence.

Viol. Do your Judges dwell here? were I that man,

I would walk in the dark and fright 'em.

Jul. That man does do you hurt. Let us retire.

Had I been wither'd at her Beauties spring,

And stay'd from growing at her growth of mind,

I had not known the cruel nor the kind.

Those who outlive her years do but improve

The knowledge of those griefs which grow with Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Aetus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy finging.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,
 that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
 lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but /eal'd in vaine, /eal'd in vaine.*

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musically.
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good and good prouoke to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon
this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come euen now. I shall
craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some
aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne fide is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Benedick, Lucio, Balthazar.

Ben. **L**ucio, you broke from our confed'racy
Against marriage, then woo'd in my behalf;
And afterwards for your self.

Luc. Do but hear me.

Ben. Excuses are like weak
Referves after a Battel is loft.

Luc. Let me be heard; for if poor Truth
Have a tongue of her own and must not use it;
Why then she may retire into a corner,
And weep out her eyes.

Ben. What can you say?

Luc. I meant no more love to the Lady *Beatrice*,
Than I do to wooe an arrested Widow,
With a Serenade at a Prison Grate.

Balthazar knows my heart.

Balt. I know sev'ral of your hearts.
Men are not i'th' fashion unless they have
Change of ev'ry thing.

Luc. I ever thought her a Mermaid.

Ben. How so?

Luc. From the Breasts downward she's as cold as a Fish.

Ben. Well *Lucio*, I'll call none but the Four Winds
T'accompt for what is past. Look, Sir,— thus I
Blow away your offences: but you must
Be fteddy now, and diligent. I told
You my design for *Claudio's* preservation.
The Provost was your Unkles Creature, and
By him prefer'd.

Balt. The Provost will make good
Our trust, and ev'ry character of gratitude.

Ben. You must engage him, *Lucio*, and discern
By what pretext or obstacle the Fryar
Proceeds so far to interrupt our hopes.

Luc. I'll bind the Provost to your service in
His own shackles. And, concerning the Fryar,
I'll straight confess him, and you shall know all.

Ben. Be fudden and successful, go.

[*Exit Lucio.*]

Enter Beatrice, and Page.

Beat. O, are you come? I would have cry'd you as
A lost thing, but that I knew I should have
The ill luck to find you again.

Ben. You trip it too fast.

You need not be so swift to meet misfortune.
I had just now a Letter from the Provost;
Who either suspects the truth of the Pardon,
Because I enjoin'd him to secrecy,
Or else is led by a Fryer to some fresh
Design.

Beat. Are we circumvented by a Fryer?
Rather than not vex that Fryer, I'll invent
A new Sect, and preach in a Hat and Feather.

Ben. 'Tis strange that men of their discretion,
Should come abroad in old fashion Gowns,
And drest with abominable negligence.

Beat. Bus'ness make them great flovens, and they love
To be busie.

Ben. And never observe
The right seasons when they are necessary.
For though we are content with their company
When we are old and dying; yet (methinks)
They should not trouble us with their good counsel,
When we are young, and in good health.

Balt. Alas poor Book-men! they want breeding.

Beat. Can we not separate the wicked Provost,
From this scrupulous Fryer?

Ben. I have sent *Lucio* to him.

Beat. Benedick,
We will cast off the serious faces of
Conspirators, and appear to the Deputy

As merry, and as gay, as Nature in
The Spring. This Houfe fhall be all Carnaval,
All Mafquerade.

Ben. Good! we will laugh him out
Of's Politicks, till he make Paper-Kites
Of *Machiavel's* Books, and play with his Pages
In the Fields.

Balt. And fhall we fing and dance.

Beat. 'Till the old Senators lead forth
The Burghers Widows, and cry out for a Pavin.
Page, call *Viola* with her Caftanietos;
And bid *Bernardo* bring his Guittar.

[*Exit Page.*

Ben. My Brother will not endure this habitation.

Balt. He'll rather to Sea, and dwell in a Gun-room.

Ben. Or lye round like a Sextons Dog, beneath
The great Bell in a Steeple. [*Viola ftrikes the Caftanietos within.*

Beat. Hearn! *Viola* has ta'ne th' alarm.

Ben. Thofe Caftanietos found
Like a Comfort of Squirrels cracking of Nuts.

Enter Viola dancing a Saraband awhile with Caftanietos.

Beat. Shall we ftand idle in feafons of bufinefs?
You have Feathers on your head *Benedick*;
Have you none at your heels?

Ben. I am, Lady,
So very a Kid at cap'ring, that you
May make Gloves of my fkin. *Balthazar!*
Call for more Mufick.

Balt. Not for me, Sir.
I can dance at the meer tolling of a Bell.

] *They dance.*

After the Dance, enter Efchalus.

Efch. Have you no apprehenfion of the Deputy?
Are you infenfible?

Beat. Do you fufpect
We are infenfible by our want of motion?

Ben. You fhould provide my Brother-Deputy
A Politicians quilted Cap to cover
His ears. 'Twill preferve him from noife.

Beat. These politick men should keep company
With their fellow-Foxes in deep holes.

Balt. He'll grow so angry, that he'll lay the punishments
Of Law aside, and Pistol us with his own hand.

Efch. This, Signior, is not the right way to meet
Your Brothers temper.

Ben. Signior, my meaning is
T' avoid the way where I may meet my Brother.
I'll prove a very Crab to him; for still
As he proceeds, I purpose to go backward.

Efch. I hope you'll be cautious about the Pardon.

Ben. Pray mingle so much courage with your wisdom,
As may bring you into the possibility
Of sleep again.

Efch. Sir, I more than beseech you
Not to provoke your Brothers gravity
With fantastical noises.

Ben. Believe me, we
Are politick; and do it to disguise
That melancholly which belongs to design.

Efch. That may do well.

Ben. Go up and retire with him.
If you stay here, he'll take you for a man
Of mirth; and then you'll lose his favour.

] *Exit Efchalus.*

Beat. 'Tis fit, *Benedick*, you seek *Lucio* out,
To learn quickly the Provost's resolution.
I'll go change my scene to the Garden-Terras,
Under your Brother's Window, that I may
Torment him with new noises.

Viol. Shall I fetch the great Girls that make Bone-Lace,
To sing out of tune to their Bobbins?

Beat. Do, *Viola*. Let them be long lean Wenches.

Viol. And we'll hang a dozen Cages of Parrots
At his Window, to tell him what's a Clock.] *Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Lucio and Provost.

Luc. I'd speak with that Fryer who obstructs the Pardon.

Prov. His business with *Claudio* being done, he shall attend you.

[*Enter Fool in a Shackle.*]

Luc. Fool! what, a Pris'ner? I thought fooling had
Been free.

Fool. Fooling is free before the wife:
But truly, Signior, a Fool can no more
Suffer a Fool, than one of the Wits can
Endure another Wit.

Prov. You, Sirrah, are committed for the worst
Kind of fooling. You have brought both Sexes
Together.

Luc. A Bawd? alas poor Fool! instead of being
In jeaft, you have been in earnest!

Fool. I dealt with persons of quality,
With whom I thought fit to be mannerly.
Was't civil to let them meet to no purpose?

Prov. You have been civil indeed.

Fool. All deeds must submit to interpretation.
For my part to prevent all animosities
And heart-burnings between young men and women,
I brought them lovingly together.

Luc. A Bawd in a Fools Coat?

Prov. Mistress Mitigation gave him the Livery.

Luc. 'Tis a villainous new disguise
For the good old Cause.
How does Mother Midnight? what, she grows rich?

Fool. Signior, she's eaten up all her Beef now,
And is herself in the Tub.

Luc. Powder'd to make her last. 'Tis not amiss.
But prethee, what mean those Keys at thy Girdle?

Prov. I have preferred him. He's an under-Jaylor.

Luc. You have but chang'd your dwelling, Fool; your office
Is the same; for you were wont to keep doors. [Enter Duke.

Prov. Sirrah, look to your Pris'ners. Signior *Lucio*,
I shall leave you with this reverend Father. [Ex. Provost, Fool.

Luc. Good day, Father.

Duke. And to you, Sir, a long and a good life.

Luc. Father, I aim at no difficult things:

If it be fhort and fweet, I'm fatisfy'd.

Duke. How mean you, Sir?

Luc. Nay, I'm not now prepar'd for confeffion; befides I'm in great hafte. You muft needs prevail With the Provofit to let the Pardon pafs.

Duke. Some hours after the date of the Pardon, An Order came hither for Execution, Which had proceeded too, if Fryer *Thomas* Had not, by help of the Deputy's Confeffor, Got a Reprieve till to morrow.

Luc. Th' abfent Duke was a true friend to Lovers.

Duke. It feems you know the Duke?

Luc. Know him? yes Fryar, very well. I had th' honour To be of his Council: but I mean, Sir, In midnight matters. He was about once To raife a charitable foundation; Not for loufie learning, or fuch Cripples As creep from loft Battels, but for poor Difeas'd Lovers.

Duke. I did not think he had been amorous.

Luc. Who, he? yes as far as to your Begger Of fifty: and he us'd to put a Duckett In her Clack-Difh.

Duke. Is't poffible?

He was not, fure, in's youth this way inclin'd.

Luc. No, he began to fteer The right courfe about forty; but, good man, He repented the loft time of his youth.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Virtue's defensive Armour muft be ftrong, To fcape the merry, and malicious Tongue.

[*Exit.*

Enter Jaylor, Ifabella.

Ifab. Good Friend be courteous, and let *Juliet* know My name is *Ifabella*, and I come To ferve her. Will you fo much favour me? There's for your pains——

Jayl. You muft ftay here, till I fhall fend her to you.

[*Exit Jaylor.*

Ifab. A Prifon is too good a Den for

This rude Beast.

Have comfort Sister! I must call you so;

Though the uncivil Law will not allow

You yet that name.

Jul. I am not worthy of it.

Ifab. Since you have spoke so humbly of your self,

You must and shall be comforted: perhaps

Like conscience, love, when satisfy'd within,

May oft offend the Law, and yet not sin.

Jul. I find the greatest love is an offence;

For greatest love is greatest confidence;

When, trusting those who for our credence woo,

We trust them with our love and honour too.

Ifab. I come to bring your sorrows some relief;

And would your crime not lessen but your grief.

Jul. How can I lose that honour which I gave

To him, who can and will that honour save?

Ifab. When you your honour did to *Claudio* give,

Coz'ning your self, you did our Sex deceive.

Honour is publick treasure, and 'tis fit

Law should in publick form dispose of it.

Jul. Oh *Ifabella*! you are cruel grown.

Ifab. Sister! you gave much more than was your own.

Jul. I lov'd too much; yet for your Brother's sake,

Who had that love, you my excuse should make.

Ifab. My Mothers life did fair example give

How, after death we might unpunisht live.

She, dying, did my Childhood then assign

To *Claudio*'s care; he leaves you now to mine.

Jul. Oh Heav'n! you mean that *Claudio* now must dye;

And I am now become a Legacy?

Ifab. My friends are suing for your liberty,

And that you may secure from penance be.

Jul. What need I for the shame of Penance care?

No blush e're dy'd the paleness of despair.

Ifab. Do not, with weeping, vainly quench your eyes.

Tears are to Heaven a useful Sacrifice

[*Enter Juliet.*

[*Ifab. salutes her.*

Where ev'ry drop moves mercy; but they gain
On Earth no more remorse than common Rain.

Jul. Is there no means your Brother's life to save?

Ifab. None that I would afford, or he would have?
Yet can I not affirm that there is none.

Jul. Oh call back Hope, which faste does from us run.

Ifab. Sifter, you call in vain; for when you know
How wicked now Saint *Angelo* does grow,
You will rejoice that Death makes *Claudio* free;
And think your Bonds more safe than liberty.

Jul. Is *Angelo* as wicked as severe?

Ifab. I more his kindness now than anger fear.

Jul. To what would Tyrant-force kindly persuade!

Ifab. He gently treats, then rudely does invade.
I dare not give his purpos'd fin a name;
It is too hard a word for untaught shame.

Jul. False Image of refin'd authority!

Ifab. Unless I yield my Brother is to dye.
Just now I left the Guards drawn up, who wait
For Execution at the Prison Gate.

Jul. Oh *Ifabell!* why are we useless made?
Too weak to enforce, and artless to persuade:
Nor you nor I can any help afford
To your dear Brother, and my plighted Lord.
Yet you have means; but must not have the will
By evil to prevent a greater ill.

Ifab. Have I the means? your grief misleads your tongue.——

[*She is going out.*]

Jul. I would do *Claudio* good, and you no wrong.
Your virtue is severe! hear me but speak!
My heart will else out of my bosom break.

Ifab. Speak clearly then. You are not understood.
May none do ill, that so they may do good?
Nature no greater gift than life can give.

Ifab. By virtue we our nature long outlive.

Jul. Can it be virtue to let *Claudio* dye?

Ifab. His life should not be sav'd by infamy.

Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Ifab. I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice ore.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Ifab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue possesse, him, my most stay
Can be but brieft: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Ifab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside.

Exit.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Jul. Loath'd Infamy confists of evils grown
 So impudent as covet to be known.
 But those seem least which bashfully we shun,
 At first, and then for good intent are done.

Ifab. Sister, you argue wildly in your grief.
 You are too good to seek a bad relief
 For Claudio; therefore look for no reply.

Jul. I look for none; yet would not have him dye.——

[*Going out.*]

Ifab. You seem'd to intimate that bashfulness
 At evil doing makes the evil less;
 That when we good intend by doing ill,
 We bring necessity t' excuse our will:
 And that our faults, when hidden by our shame,
 Pass free from blemish, if they scape from blame.

Jul. Forget my words. How could they be but weak,
 When grief did make those thoughts which fear did speak.

Ifab. Suppose I can a likely way devise,
 That you, assisted aptly by disguise,
 May take to night my place with *Angelo*:
 The means is not remote: what will you do?

Jul. I am amaz'd and apprehend you not.

Ifab. Your sudden ignorance is strangely got.
 I now am going to the Deputy;
 To make to his request my last reply;
 And I perhaps may promise willingness,
 But on conditions made for my access
 With bashful privacy retir'd from light;
 From ev'ry witness too but secret night;
 Whose thickest Curtains shall immure the Room;
 Where for my promise person you may come.
 Thus *Claudio's* life you save and lose no fame;
 For where none sees we cannot feel our shame.
 Ascribe to dire necessity the ill,
 The good of it belongs then to your will.
 Quickly resolve and I'll prepare your way.

Jul. Ere I will Claudio in my self betray,
 I will the torment of his death endure:

Enter Mariana and Ifabella.

Ifab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduife it.

Duke. It is not my content,
But my entreaty too.

Ifa. Little haue you to fay
When you depart from him, but foft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no finne,
Sith that the Iuftice of your title to him
Doth flourifh the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to fow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouoft and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither firha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come fir, leaue me your fnatches, and yeeld mee a direct anfwere.
To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our
prifon a common executioneer, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will
take it on you to affift him, it fhall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not,
you shall haue your full time of imprifonment, and your deliuerance with an
vn pittied whipping; for you haue been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue been an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will
bee content to be a lawful hangman; I would bee glad to receiue fome in-
ftruccion from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorfon*: where's *Abhorfon* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call fir?

His ficknefs more becomes him than the cure.

Ifab. How *Juliet*? can you righteoufly refute
Th' expedient which you plead that I fhould ufe?
Go chide the paffion which would have me do,
That which, though ill in both, feems leaft in you:
The good or ill redemption of his life,
Does lefs concern his Sifter than his Wife.

Jul. Alas, we know not what is good or ill.

Ifab. Perhaps we fhould not learn that fatal skill.
The Serpent taught it firft. Sifter, away!

We'll more for patience, than for knowledge pray. [Exit *feveral ways*.

Enter Balthazar, Beatrice, Jaylor, Page.

Beat. Where's *Viola*? have I loft her? that fcare-crow
Makes a very Bird of her.

Balt. She's run up ftairs, Madam, to inform
Your Coufin *Juliet* of your being here.

Beat. Methinks this Fellow looks not only ill,
But faucily ill.

Balt. How fo Madam?

Beat. 'Tis impudence to fhew fo bad a face
In good company——Friend, I'll reward you.

Jayl. The fooner the better.

Beat. You fhall wear my Colours;
Boy, when he comes abroad
Bid my Lacquies be careful to cudjel him.

Jayl. I thank you.

[Exit *Jaylor*.

Enter *Viola*.

Viol. My Coufin *Juliet* has lockt her felf in
Her Chamber. I faw her through the Keyhole,
Weeping like Nurfe when fhe loft her Wedding Ring.

Beat. *Juliet*, I cannot but
Pity thy private friendfhip, but am more
Vext at our publick Enemy, thy Judge——

Balt. Your tears, Madam, fhew more pity than anger.

Beat. No, Sir, great ftorms do oft begin with Rain. [Enter *Benedick*.

Ben. I faw your Coach at the Prifon Gate, Lady,
And thought y' had been arrefted on

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray, fir, by your good fauor: for surely fir, a good fauor you haue but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call fir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abh. I Sir, a Mifterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard fay, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vsing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ferue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiuenesse.

Pro. You firrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne fir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly fir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,

Suspicion of love; which now is made high-Treason in Natural Bodies by the Body politick.

Beat. I should marvel, *Benedick*, how you had The face to come within fight of my Sex. But that ill faces, being common, are No cause of wonder.

Ben. Mine's a politick face; and few of that fort Are held handfom: so politick that it Will hardly be seduc'd to make another In these dangerous times.

Beat. So politick, as I'd have you walk only At night, and with a dark Lanthorn before you; That, though you see others, none may see you. You are one of those whom I think unlucky.

Ben. This gloomy place presents you with strange visions, Your Coach attends you. I pray change the Scene.

Beat. Whither? to see your Brothers Guards drawn up For *Claudio*'s execution, 'las poor women They get much by you men.

Ben. Truly, 'tis thought they might get more; For men are always civilly willing, Though ever blam'd. But patience, and we shall Have right when we are heard.

Beat. Heard? yes, may she Who henceforth listens to your fighting Sex, Have her Afs-ears in publick bor'd, as Love's Known Slave, and wear for Pendants Morrice-Bells As his fantastick Fool.

Ben. No whisp'ring the Platonick way?

Beat. Platonick way? my Cousin has Plato'd it Profoundly; has she not? i'th' name of mischief, Make friendship with your selves, and not with us. Let ev'ry *Damon* of you, chuse his *Pitheas*, And tattle Romantick Philosophy Together, like bearded Gossips.

Ben. Though such conversation might breed peace in A Palace, yet 'twould make but a thin Court.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noife?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholfomst spirits of the night,
Inuallip you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, fildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noife? That spirit's possest with haft,
That wounds th'vulnifing Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Beat. Difcourfe all day, lolling like lazy ill-
Bred-Wits, with your right Legs o're your left Knees:
Defining love, 'till he becomes as raw,
As if he were defected by Anatomifts.
Give Balls and Serenades to your dear felves.

Ben. That were (as we are taught by the old Proverb)
To *Be merry and wife.*

[*Enter Lucio.*

Luc. We fhall be more
Troubled with this fidling Fryer, than with ten
Lay-Fools. He has fo infected the Provost
With good counfel, that there is no hope from him.
The Guards are doubled at the Prifon Gate;
And *Claudio* is to dye at break of day.

Beat. Where's now your valour, Sir?
Is furious *Benedick* like Beafts of prey,
Couragious only in the Field,
And with familiar tameneis creep in Towns
Beneath the anger of your Feeders Law?
Jaylor, where are you? bring me to my Coufin?

[*Ex Beat. Viol.*

Ben. She's rais'd to a moft amiable humour.
Now is your time, *Lucio*, to make love to her.

Luc. I am now for the Platonick way of billing
Like meek Turtles, without the noife of paffion.

Balt. We, *Lucio*, who are parcel-Lovers, fhould
Mourn like Turtles over a Bottle in
Thefe days of perfecution.

Ben. Signiors prepare t'offend the Laws, I find
I muft grow rude, and make bold with my Brother.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Provost, Duke.

Prov. The Guards thus doubled at the Prifon Gate,
Confirms my doubt that Signior *Benedick*
Did counterfeit the pardon which he brought.

Duke. You have another Prifoner here
Condemn'd to dye?

Prov. The wicked *Bernardin*, hath long
Been a moft painful, and a watchful Robber,
But now the fhort remainder of his life,

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoft, as it is,
You fhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You fomething know: yet I beleeeue there comes
No countermand: no fuch example haue we:
Befides, vpon the verie fiege of Iuftice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Meffenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Meff. My Lord hath fent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you fwerue not from the fmalleft Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoft day.

Pro. I fhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by fuch fin,
For which the Pardoner himfelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's fo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiffe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ftrangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

*Whatfoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure
of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine: For my better fatisfaction,
let mee haue Claudios head fent me by five. Let this be duely performed
with a thought that more depends on it, then we muft yet diliuier. Thus
faile not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere it at your peril.*

What fay you to this Sir?

He lazily confumes in fleep.

Duke. Is he fo carelefs before death.

Prov. He minds

Not what is paff, or prefent, or to come.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. We oft have wakened him, as if he were

To go to execution, and fhew'd him too

A feeming Warrant, but he feem'd not mov'd.

[*Enter Fool.*

Fool. The Hangman waits to difpatch his bufinefs

With your Worfhip.

Prov. Sirrah, his bufinefs is with you.

Fool. My Worfhip will hardly be at leifure for him.

Prov. Call him in.

[*Enter Hangman.*

This Fellow early in the morning is

To help you in your execution.

He cannot plead a quality above

Your fervice, he has been a noted Bawd.

Hang. A Bawd! fye on him, he'll difgrace our Myftery.

Fool. Sir, by your good favour (for furely, Sir,

You would have a good favour, had you not

A hanging look) d' you call your trade a Myftery?

Hang. Yes, you will find it fo.

Fool. What myftery there fhould be in hanging, if

I were to be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Hang. It is a Myftery: but you muft be hang'd

E're you can find it out.

Prov. Provide your Block and Ax;

And call *Bernardine*.

[*Exit Hangman.*

Duke. What horrid Inftruments are us'd by pow'r.

Fool. Mr. *Bernardine* you muft rife and be hang'd.

Mr. *Bernardine*.

Bern. within. Curfe on your throat! who makes that noife?

What are you?

Fool. Your friend the Hangman; you muft be fo good

As to rife, and be put to death.

Bern. Away you Rogue, I am fleepy.

Prov. Tell him he muft wake.

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurft vp & bred,
One that is a prifoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abfent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do fo.

Pro. His friends ftill wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Moft manifeft, and not denied by himfelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himfelfe penitently in prifon? How fees he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken fleepe, careleffe, wreakeleffe, and fearleffe of what's paff, prefent, or to come: infenfible of mortality, and defperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prifon: giue him leaue to efcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and fhaw'd him a feeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoft, honefty and conftancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my felfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath fentenc'd him. To make you vnderftand this in a manifeft effect, I craue but foure daies refpit: for the which, your are to do me both a prefent, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an exprefse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my cafe as *Claudio's*, to croffe this in the fmalleft.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inftructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Fool. Pray Mr. *Bernardine* awake till you
Are executed and fleep afterwards.

Prov. Go in and fetch him out.

Fool. He's coming, Sir, for I hear his ftraw ruffle.

Enter Bernardine.

Bern. How now, Fool, what's the news with you?

Fool. Truly, Sir, I would defire you to clap clofe to
Your prayers, for the Warrant's come.

Bern. Y'are a Rogue, I've been drinking all night,
And am not fitted for the Warrant.

Fool. The better, Sir; for he that drinks all night,
And is hang'd very betimes in the morning,
May fleep the foundlier all the next day.

Prov. Look, Sir, here comes your Ghofly father.
D'you think we jeft now?

Duke. Induc'd, Sir, by my charity, and hearing how
Haftily you are to depart, I am come to advife you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bern. Fryer, not I, I've been drinking hard all night,
And will have more time to prepare me, or they
Shall beat out my brains with Billets.
I'll not dye to day.

Duke. O, Sir, you muft, and therefore, I befeech you,
Look forward on the Journey you fhall go.

Bern. I'll not dye till I have fleep for any
Mans perfwafion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bern. Not a word; if you have any thing to fpeak
Come to my Ward, for I'll not thence to day.

[*Ex. Bern. Fool.*

Prov. What think you of this Prifoner, Father?

Duke. Nature did never make a thing more wretched.
He is unfit to live or dye. 'Twere want
Of common charity to tranfport him
In the mind he is, let him have more time,
And be refrain'd from ev'ry nourifhment but fleep
Till I have made him fit for death.

[*Enter Jaylor.*

Jayl. Sir, a Mefenger at the Prifon Gate

Pro. *Angelo* hath feene them both,
And will difcouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great difguifer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and fay it was the defire of the patient to be fo bar'de before his death: you know the courfe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profefse, I will plead againft it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is againft my oath.

Duke. Were you fworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuftice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a refemblance, but a certainty; yet fince I fee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfwafion, can with eafe attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not ftrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the retorne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleafure: where you fhall finde within thefe two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of ftrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into fome Monafterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding *Starre* calles vp the Shepheard; put not your felfe into amazement, how thefe things fhould be; all difficulties are but eafie vwhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a prefent thrift, and aduife him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this fhall abfolutely refolue you: Come away, it is almoft cleere dawne.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houfe of profeffion: one would thinke it vvere Miftris *Ouer-dons* owne houfe, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. Firft, here's yong Mr. *Rafh*; hee's in for a com-

Knocks hard, and fays that he muft fpeak with you.

Prov I come! Father, if it pleafe you, let's retire.

Enter Claudio and Fool.

Claud. Bolting the door we are unheard and fafe.

Thou art a man, though in an ill difguife;

And fhould'ft fupport thy being worthily.

Fool. Why, truly Sir, though I have had a couple

Of Ill callings, yet I would live as well

As I could by both.

Claud. Thou haft a Servant been to flame, and now
Art but an Officer to cruelty.

There, take this Gold; it is a thoufand Crowns.

Wilt thou not run a little hazard for

Much happinefs. The venter is not great;

And it may probably produce at once

Thy freedom and fupport.

Fool. Sir, mine is but

A thin Summer-fkin; 't has been often cut

And flaft with whipping. I would very fain

Sleep whole in it now.

Claud. Have courage, friend, 'tis Gold.

Fool. My Grandam left me nothing at her death

But a good old Proverb, that's *Touch and Take*.

And I may fay 't has been a lucky Proverb

To me. What would you have me do?

Claud I have within a Pages habit, packt up

Clofe. Prethee convey it by your friend,

The Jaylor, to *Julietta*, whofe efcape,

In that difguife, I newly have contriv'd,

By correfpondence with an Officer

Who has the foremofst ftation of

The Guards without, and has been fervant to

My Father. If thou haft any tendernefs

Do this, that fhe may fcape from publick penance.

Fool. But how fhall I fcape, Sir? I fhall do Penance

Without a Sheet or Shirt: for my kind Tutor,

The Hangman, will ftrip me ftark naked

moditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine fcore and feunteene pounds, of which hee made fwe Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vv ere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the fuite of Mafter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure fuites of Peach-colour'd Satteen, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Disie*, and yong Mr. *Deepevvow*, and Mr. *Copperspurre*, and Mr. *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabbd Potts, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorfon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you muft rife and be hang'd,
Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyfe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You muft be fo good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am fleepie.

Abh. Tell him he muft awake,

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Mafter *Barnardine*, awake till you areexecuted, and fleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, firrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorfon*?

What's the newes vvith you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would defire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

When I'm fwinging, though the wind blow northerly.

Claud. The Law for thy offence can doom the
But to Fetters during life, and half that Gold
May purchase thy release.

Fool. A fore whipping may come into the bargain.
But 'tis a poor back that cannot sometimes
Pay for the maint'nance of the belly. I'll do't.

Claud. Pray lose no time; I have but little left.

Fool. Have you no more Gold? sure you might scape too.

Claud. Friend, I have given you all I have, nor could
My greater plenty work my liberty;
For my Confederate dares not undertake
To make that passage clear for more than one,
Or if he could, I want disguise for two.

Fool. If you get out, Sir, you then scape from Death.

Claud. And she by freedom scapes from dreadful shame
Of doing Penance. Pray dispute it not. [Knocking within.
What hand is that? if you prove faithful now
You'll gain forgiveness for your past offences.

Fool. My golden guests retire you straight into
The closet of my Breeches.

Much in all ages, good innocent Gold,
Has been lay'd to your charge—— [Puts up the Bag and looks
It is the Lady *Juliet's* Maid, I'll let (though the Key-hole.
Her in; and bear the Habit to her Mistress. [Exit Fool.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady with this Letter, Sir, sends you
Her dearest prayers and love.

Claud. Heaven value both, so much as they
Are priz'd by me—— [Reads the Letter.

The Provost's wife, in pity of your distress; or perhaps out of love to your person, or rather, (as I hope) out of respect to your virtue, has devis'd means for your escape. She has by large gifts prevail'd with my Keeper to leave your passage free to my Chamber. I beseech you, with the efficacy of my last breath, to make use of this occasion and to hasten hither. Your way

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinckes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we iest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh fir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit.

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I

to liberty must be out of my Window, from whence by a small Engine she will wrench the Bars.

Maid. Can you find leifure to confider, Sir,
Of that which by my Lady is fo well
Refolv'd?

Claud. The Provost's wife? will fhe facilitate
Your Ladies liberty with mine?

Maid. She fays, fhe cannot undertake fo far.

Claud. Then I'll refufe her courtesie.

Maid. My Lady fends you this request in tears.
Will you deny it her?

Claud. If my efcape I from her Chamber make,
The Law will lay the guilt of it on her;
And fhe remains behind to bear
The punifhment.

Maid. She hath agreed to that
Condition with the Provost's wife.

Claud. Your Lady makes me an unkind request.

Maid. Have you the heart to judge it fo?

Claud. Can fhe be ign'rant that the rigid Law
Does judge it in a Prifoner forfeiture
Of life, to help another Prifoner to
Efcape, who is condemn'd to dye?

Maid. That forfeiture fhe cheerfully will pay:
But has fo govern'd me with deſp'rate vows,
That I lackt courage to refufe to bring
This meſſage to you.

Claud. How pow'rful, fatal *Juliet*, is thy love?
Yet muſt it not more valiant be than mine——
Tell her, I've newly ſent her a request
More juſt than that which ſhe has ſent by you;
It will be brought her with a Preſent too:
Which if, unkindly, ſhe denys to take,
She does by example my denial make.

[*Weeps.*

[*Ex. ſeveral ways.*

Enter Angelo, Servant.

Ang. Attend her in, and then wait you at diſtance.

[*Ex. Serv.*

Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This fhall be done (good Father) prefently:
But *Barnardine* muft die this afternoone,
And how fhall we continue *Claudio*,
To faue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in fecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*.
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you fhall finde
Your fafetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke. Quicke, difpatch, and fend the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouoft he fhall beare them) whofe contents
Shal witneffe to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile defire
To meet me at the confecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We fhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouoft.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a fwift returne,
For I would commune with you of fuch things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all fpeede.

Exit.

Ifabell within.

Ifa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Ifabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of difpaire,
When it is leaft expected.

Enter Ifabella.

Ifa. Hoa, by your leaue.

O Love! how much thy borrow'd shap'es disguise,
Even to themselves, the valiant and the wife?

Enter Ifabella.

Ang. Had you not fear'd th' approach of *Claudio's* fate
(Which shews you are to him compaffionate,
Though not to me) I had not seen you here.
He may your pity thank, and I your fear.

Ifab. My Lord, I hardly could my self forgive
For suing still to have my Brother live,
But that a higher hope directs my aim;
Which, saving his frail life, would yours reclaim.

Ang. How desp'rate all your hopeful visits prove!
You bring me counsel still instead of love.
And would in forms of passion make me wife.
Bid Pilots preach to winds when tempests rise.

Ifab. But yet as tempests are by showers allay'd,
So may your anger by my tears be sway'd.

Ang. You must by yielding teach me to relent.
Make haste! the Mourners tears are almost spent,
Courtiers to Tyrant-Death who basely wait,
To do that Tyrant honour whom they hate.
Inviting formal Fools to see his Feast
To which your Brother is th' unwilling Guest.
And the absolving Priest must pay the Grace:
Nights progress done, *Claudio* begins his Race.

Ifab. And with the mornings wings your cruel doom
He shall convey where you must trembling come,
Before that Judge, whose pow'r you use so ill,
As if, like Law, 'twere subject to your will.
The cruel there shall wish they had been just,
And that their seeming love had not been lust.

Ang. These useless sayings were from Cloysters brought:
You cannot teach so soon as you were taught.
You must example to my mercy give;
First save my life, and then let *Claudio* live.

Ifab. Have you no words but what are only good,
Because their ill is quickly understood?

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

I/a. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Ifabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

I/a. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wifedome daughter in your close patience.

I/a. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his fight.

I/a. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Ifabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery fillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Ejcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wifdome,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

I/a. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
He perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shal be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies

Dispose of *Claudio's* life! whilst cruel you
 Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue.
 Till by long custom of forgiving none
 Y' are so averse to all forgiveness grown.
 That in your own behalf you shall deny,
 To hear of absolution when you dye.

Ang. How *I/abel!* from calms of bashfulness
 (Even such as suppliant Saints to Heaven express,
 When patience makes her self a Sacrifice)
 Can you to storms of execration rise?
 Leave me not full of evil wonder, stay!

[*I/abel is going out.*

I/ab. Can it be good to hear what you would say?

[*He steps in and reaches a Cabinet.*

Ang. In this behold Nature's Reserves of light,
 When the lost day yields to advancing night.
 When that black Goddess fine in Frosts appears,
 Then starry Jewels bright as these she wears.
 The wealth of many Parents who did spare
 In plenteous peace, and get by prosperous War.

I/ab. Of that which evil life may get, you make
 A wonder in a monstrous boast;
 Which death from you as certainly will take,
 As 'tis already by your Parents lost.

Ang. Be in this world, like other mortals, wife;
 And take this treasure as your Beauty's prize.
 Wealth draws a Curtain o're the face of shame;
 Restores lost beauty, and recovers fame.

I/ab. Catch Fools in Nets without a Covert laid;
 Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?

[*Going out.*

Ang. Stay *I/abel!* stay but a moments space!
 You know me not by knowing but my face.
 My heart does differ from my looks and tongue.
 To know you much, I have deceiv'd you long.

I/ab. Have you more shapes, or would you new devise?

Ang. I'll now at once cast off my whole disguise.
 Keep still your virtue, which is dignify'd
 And has new value got by being try'd.

With a light heart; truſt not my holie Order
If I preuert your courſe: whoſe heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'euen;

Frier, where's the Prouoſt?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Ifabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient; I am faine to dine and ſup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would ſet mee too't: but they ſay the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Ifabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantaſtical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the beſt is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo wel as I do: he's a better wood-man then thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well: you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go tlong with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already fir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forſwear it, They would elſe haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honeſt, reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I ſhal ſtickle.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Eſcalus.

Eſc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath diſuouch'd other.

An. In moſt vneuen and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhow much like to madneſſe, pray heauen his wiſedome bee not tainted; and why meet him at the gates and reliuer ou rauthorities there?

Claudio fhall live longer than I can do,
 Who was his Judge, but am condemn'd by you.
 The martial of the Guards keeps secretly
 His pardon feal'd; nor meant I he fhould dye.

Ifab. By fhifting your difguife, you feem much more
 In borrow'd darknefs than you were before.

Ang. Forgive me who, till now, thought I fhould find
 Too many of your beauteous Sex too kind.
 I ftrove, as jealous Lovers curious grow,
 Vainly to learn, what I was loth to know.
 And of your virtue I was doubtful grown,
 As men judge womens frailties by their own.
 But fince you fully have endur'd the teft,
 And are not only good, but prove the beft
 Of all your Sex, fubmiffively I woo
 To be your Lover, and your Husband too.

Ifab. Can I when free, be by your words fubdu'd,
 Whofe actions have my Brother's life purfu'd?

Ang. I never meant to take your Brother's life;
 But if in tryal how to chufe a wife,
 I have too diffident, too curious been,
 I'll pardon ask for folly, as for fin;
 I lov'd you e'er your pretious beauties were
 In your probation fhaded at Saint *Clare*:
 And when with facred Sifterhood confin'd,
 A double enterprife perplext my mind;
 By Claudio's danger to provoke you forth
 From that bleft fhade, and then to try your worth.

Ifab. She that can credit give to things fo ftrange,
 And can comply with fuch a fudden change,
 Has mighty faith, and kindnefs too fo ftrong,
 That the extream cannot continue long.
 I am fo pleaf'd with *Claudio's* liberty,
 That the example fhall preferve me free.

Ang. Was I when bad fo quickly underftood;
 And cannot be believ'd when I am good.

Ifab. In favour of my Sex and not of you,

E/c. I gheffe not.

Ang. And why shoulde wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redreffe of iniustice, they shoulde exhibit their petitions in the strect?

E/c. He showes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th'morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

E/c. I shall fir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnfhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender flame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous fence
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ranfome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia's* house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But fend me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Ifabella and Mariana.

Ifab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Ifab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the aduersé side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a phyficke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Ifab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and grauest Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

I with your love so violent and true,
That those who shall hereafter curious be,
To seek that frailty, which they would not see,
May by your punishment become afraid,
To use those Nets which you ignobly laid.

Ang. Ah *I/abel!* you blam'd my cruelty!
Will you, when I shew mercy, cruel be?

Ifab. You might have met a weaker breast than mine,
Which at approach to parley would incline:
How little honour then you had obtain'd,
If, where but little was, you that had stain'd?
Had you been great of mind, you would have strove
To have hid, or helpt the weaknesses of love;
And not have us'd temptations to the frail,
Or power, where 'twas dishonour to prevail.
You will (if now your love dissembled be)
Deceive your self, in not deceiving me.
If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Left you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Break heart, farewell the cruel and the just!
Fools seek belief, where they have bred distrust:
Because she doubts my virtue I must dye;
Who did with vitious arts her virtue try.

[*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſculus, Lucio,
Citizens at ſeverall doores.*

Duk. My very worthy Cofen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Juſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duk. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome
When it deferues with characters of braſſe
A fortified reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine have ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obieſt,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice, Juſtice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brieſe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Juſtice,
Reueale your ſelfe to him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke and Isabel.**Duke.*

YOU told me, Daughter, that the Marshal has
 Your Brother's pardon seal'd, and I shall watch
 All means to keep him safe, lest *Angelo*
 Should turn his clemency into revenge.
 Do not th' assurance of his freedom buy
 With hazard of a Virgins liberty.

Isab. I shall with patience follow your instruction.

Duke. Night's shady Curtains are already drawn;
 And you shall hear strange news before the dawn.

[*Exit Duke*]*Enter Francisca.*

Franc. Is the good Father gone?

Isab. Yes, Sister, and has left my breast in peace.

[*A Bell rings.*]

Franc. This Bell does nightly warn us ere we sleep,
 T' appease offended Heaven. Let us go pray,
 That the world's crimes may vanish with the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Benedick, Eschalus, Beatrice, Viola, Lucio,
singing a Chorus within.

Esch. Your Brother, Sir, has an unquiet mind:
 'Tis late, and he would take his rest.

Viol. We'll sing him asleep.

Ben. Shall he who should
 Live lean with care of the whole Common-wealth,
 Grow fat with sleep like a *Groenland-Bear*?

Esch. Rulers are but mortal; and should have rest.

Ben. A States-man should take a nap in his Chair,
 And only dream of sleep.

Beat. These great tame Lions of the Law
 (Who make Offenders of the weak)
 Should still seem watchful, and like wild Lions
 Sleep with their eyes open.

Esch. Is night a season for singing?

Viol. We'll sing like Nightingales, and they sing at night.

Ifab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
 You bid me feeke redemption of the diuell,
 Heare me your felfe: for that which I muft ſpeake
 Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleeu'd,
 Or wring redreffe from you:
 Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare are not firme:
 She hath bin a ſuitor to me, for her Brother
 Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Ifab. By courſe of Iuſtice.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Ifab. Moſt ſtrange: but yet moſt truely wil I ſpeake,
 That *Angelo's* forſworne, is it not ſtrange?
 That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ſtrange?
 That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
 An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
 Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times ſtrange?

Ifa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
 Then this is all as true, as it is ſtrange;
 Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
 To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore foule
 She ſpeakes this, in th'infirmity of fence.

Ifa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'ſt
 There is another comfort, then this world,
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
 That I am touch'd with madneſſe: make not impoſſible
 That which but ſeemes vnlike, 'tis not impoſſible
 But one, the wickedſt caitiffe on the ground
 May ſeeme as ſhie, as graue, as iuſt, as abſolute:
 As *Angelo*, euen ſo may *Angelo*
 In all his dreſſings, carac'ts, titles, formes,
 Be an arch-villaine: Beleuee it, royall Prince
 If he be leſſe, he's nothing, but he's more,
 Had I more name for badneſſe.

Duke. By mine honeſty

Efch. Take heed; for the Grand-Watch does walk the Round.

Beat. Signior, when did you hear of Nightingales
Taken by the Watch?

Luc. Madam, we'll fing. The Governour
May come (if he please) and figh to the Chorus.

Efch. I'll bear no part, Sir, in your Song,
Nor in your punifhment.

[*Exit Efchalus.*

The SONG.

Luc. *Our Ruler has got the vertigo of State;
 The world turns round in his politick pate
 He ftears in a Sea, where his Courfe cannot laft;
 And bears too much Sail for the ftrength of his Maft.*

Cho. *Let him plot all he can,
 Like a politick man,
 Yet Love though a Child may fit him.
 The fmall Archer though blind ,
 Such an Arrow will find,
 As with an old trick fhall hit him.*

2.

Beat. *Sure Angelo knows Loves party is ftrong;
 Love melts, like foft wax, the hearts of the young.
 And none are fo old but they think on the tafte,
 And weep with remembrance of kindneffes paff.*

Cho. *Let him plot all he can, &c.*

3.

Ben. *Love in the wifeft is held a mad fit;
 And madnefs in Fools is reckon'd for Wit.
 The Wife value Love, juft as Fools Wiſdom prize;
 Which mean they can't gain, they ſeem to diſpiſe.*

Cho. *Let him plot all he can. &c.*

4.

Viol. *Cold Cowards all perils of anger fhun;
 To dangers of Love they leap when they run.
 The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
 When he led them a Dance from Greece to old Troy.*

Cho. *Let him plot all he can, &c.*

If she be mad, as I beleewe no other,
 Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
 As ere I heard in madnesse.

Ifab. Oh gracious *Duke*
 Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
 For inequality, but let your reason serue
 To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
 And hide the false seemes true.

Duk. Many that are not mad
 Haue fure more lacke of reason:
 What would you say?

Ifab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
 Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
 To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
 I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
 Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
 As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
 I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
 To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
 For her poore Brothers pardon.

Ifab. That's he indeede.

Duk. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
 Nor wifh'd to hold my peace.

Duk. I wifh you now then,
 Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
 A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
 Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duk. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.

Ifab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
 To speake before your time: proceed,

Ifab. I went

Enter Balthazar.

Balt. Behind the Garden of the *Augustines*
Your friends attend. You muſt be fudden if
You'll be ſucceſſful.

Ben. I come. Bid *Lucio* in a whiſper to
Retire, and to expect my Orders at
Saint *Laurence* Gate. Lady, though you deny
Sleep to my Brother, yet, you may do well
T' allow a little of it to your ſelf.
It grows late; and *Viola*, methinks, begins
To loſe an eye with watching in your ſervice.

Viol. I love watching and dancing too in Moon-ſhine nights,
Like any Fairy.

Beat. Can whiſpers hide your buſ'neſs, *Benedick*,
When you are ſuch a Weather-Cock, that with
But looking on you I can quickly find
Where the wind fits. Well, I wiſh you ſome danger,
That you may get the more honour. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*]

Enter Angelo, Efchalus.

Ang. It is not juſt I ſhould rebuke them for
Their harmony of mind; that were to ſhew
The rage, and envious malice of the Devil,
Who quarrels with the good, becauſe they have
That happineſs, which he can ne'er enjoy.

Eſch. My Lord, I find you ſick for want of reſt;
And grieve to hear you ſay, the cauſe of your
Diſeaſe is in your ſelf.

Ang. No ſickneſs, *Eſchalus*,
Can be more dangerous than mine, of which
The cauſe is known to that Phyſician, who
Enjoins me to diſpair of cure.

Eſch. Your words amaze me.

[*Enter 1. Servant*]

1. Serv. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms!
The ancient Citizens are waſt in terrour
By the inſulting youth; who in loud throngs
March through the Streets to the Parade.

Ang. Hence Coward! thou art frightened by thy dream.

[*Ex. Serv.*]

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Ifab. Pardon it,

The phrafe is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Ifab. In brieft, to fet the needlefse proceffe by:

How I perfwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclufion

I now begin with griefe, and fhame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chafte body

To his concupifcible intemperate luft

Release my brother; and after much debatement,

My fifterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpofe furfetting, he fends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is moft likely.

Ifab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.

Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) yu knowft not what thou fpeak'ft,
Or elfe thou art fuborn'd againft his honor

In hatefull praetife: firft his Integrity

Stands without blemifh: next it imports no reafon,

That with fuch vehemency he fhould purfue

Faults proper to himfelfe: if he had fo offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himfelfe,

And not haue cut him off: fome one hath fet you on:

Confefse the truth, and fay by whose aduice

Thou cam'ft heere to complaine.

Ifab. And is this all?

Then oh you bleffed Minifters aboue

Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen fhield your Grace from woe;

As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permit

Enter 2. Servant.

2. *Serv.* Arm, arm, my Lord! your Brother is revolted,
Heading a Body of disbanded Officers.
He is in skirmish with your Guards,
To rescue *Claudio* from the Law.

Ang. My Brother grown my publick Enemy?
This iteration sounds like truth. I was
Just now fending to declare *Claudio's* Pardon,
And to hasten his and *Juliet's* liberty.

Esch. You purpos'd well, but your performance was
Too slow.

[*Enter 1. Servant.*

1. *Serv.* 'Tis said the Marshal of your Guards is slain.

Ang. That's a surprize of fortune; for he had
Claudio's Pardon, and, had he shewn it, might
Perhaps have quencht the mutiny.
My Armour! and command my Guard of *Switzs*
To march, and to make good the Pass, which leads
To Saint *Jago's* Port. Haste, *Eschulus*,
And bid *Montano* make a fally from
The Citadel.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Duke, Provost.

Duk. Lock up your Pris'ners, and secure the Gates.

Prov. I did suspect by *Lucio's* menacings,
That *Benedick* would *Claudio's* liberty
Attempt by force; and therefore did provide
For opposition to attend th' assault.
Forty selected from the Guards without,
I have drawn in.

Duke. Are they enter'd?

Prov. They are, and bold *Vrfino* does command 'em.

Duke. Th' expedient which, in haste, I have prescribed,
Will in extremity be fit to use;
Though when you threaten't men may think you cruel.

Prov. Father, I'll strictly follow your advice.

Duke. Offer a parly from the Battlements.
Be careful, valiant Provost, of your charge,
And Heaven take care of you.

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Ifa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I do not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him foundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a fawcy Fryar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royal eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleue no lesse.
Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath

Prov. I'll through the Postern lead you out:
Your function will protect you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benedick, Balthazar, Officers.

Ben. Remove the Martial straight where Surgeons may
Attend his wound, which is not mortal, though
His loss of blood deprive him of his speech.

Balt. A Squadron of the Guards at our approach,
Retir'd into the Prison, to make good
The Gates against assault.

Ben. Their sudden fear begot that policy,
Rather to make conditions for themselves,
Than for the place.

Balt. The Provost will be obstinate.

Ben. It may be safer for him to preserve
His courage for some other use.

Enter Lucio, Duke.

Luc. Father Fox the Fryer, is stoln out of his hole;
And is going to make a visit to
The Geefe of his Parish.

Ben. Lucio, let him pass.

Luc. If you give quarter to the Enemies
Of Lovers, you will be follow'd in your
Next War, by none but decrepid old Souldiers;
The youth will all forsake you.

Ben. Unhand him straight: we must in reverence to
His function make him free.

Duke. Peace be with your Lordship.

Luc. Take care of Lovers in your Orizons,
And the rather, because praying for them,
You pray for the Duke. Remember that Fryer.

Duke. If e're I see the Duke, Sir, he shall know
How much he is oblig'd to you.

Ben. Lucio, be steadfast in your station. [Exeunt Duke, Lucio.

Provost from the Battlements.

Ben. Look up! the Provost does relent: he seems
Inclin'd to parly.

Prov. May Fortune serve the valiant *Benedick*

In all attempts, but when he does invade
The Forts of Law, where Justice would secure
The Trophies of her Victories.

Ben. Provost, I take your greeting well, and wish
Your courage more success, than you in your
Resistance now are like to find. You are
Too wise to talk of Law to those who mean
To justify their actions by their Swords.

Prov. My Lord, some honour I have gotten in
The face of Enemies; and will not lose
It in the fight of friends.

Ben. You must give *Claudio* and *Julietta* liberty;
And then your other Prisoners, and your self,
Shall, undisturb'd, be at your own dispose.

Prov. *Claudio* by sentence is condemn'd; and sure
My Office does engage my honour to
Make good the sentence of the Law.

Balt. Provost, we come not here to make a War,
Like Women, with vain words.

Ben. Accept of peace by yielding that which I
Would gain by a request, or else expect
The worst event of force.

Prov. Your force I will
Oppose; and when my temper is too much
Provoked, perhaps the extremity may make
Me shew you such an object, as will hurt
Your eyes.

[*Enter Lucio.*

Luc. My Lord retire to face your Brother's power,
Which now is doubled by a fall from
The Citadel.

Ben. Make good the passage at Saint *Laurence* Gate:
And, whilst my Squadron does advance,
You, *Balthazar*, must march at distance with
The Reer.

Prov. *Vrfino!* range your Partizans!
'Tis now our time to make a fall too.

[*Exeunt.*
[*Clashing of Arms within.*

And all probation will make vp full cleare
 Whensoever he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,
 To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man
 So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
 Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,
 Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
 Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
 Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
 Give vs ſome feates, Come coſen *Angelo*,
 In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
 Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witneſ Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
 Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid,
 Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for him-
 ſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
 And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
 I haue known my husband, yet my husband
 Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Enter Beatrice, Viola, Lacquay.

Viol. Sifter! Sifter! can we not hide our selves?

Beat. Fear nothing, *Viola*, till you are in love.
But then our Faces we like Wood-Cocks hide;
Whilst foolish fear (which is in women flame)
Makes us but tempt the Fowler to give aim.

Enter 1. Page.

1. *Page.* Madam, all's our own.

Beat. Well, speak! you are one of those Messengers
Who lost his Wages by his diligence;
Running so fast to bring good news, that he
Wanted breath to utter it.

1. *Page.* Count *Benedick's* a most substantial man.
Would the Sun were up, that his friends might see
How he stands to't, whilst his Enemies flye from him.

Beat. He is a substance fit to stand i'th' Sun
To make a shadow. And being the substance,
Lucio must be the shadow? if *Benedick*
Flye first, *Lucio* will not fail to follow him.

1. *Page.* There is no end of Count *Benedick's* valour.

Beat. Valiant without end; that is, stout to no purpose.

Enter 2. Page.

2. *Page.* Oh Madam! Count *Benedick* is lost.

Beat. How? this foolish Boy was ever given to lying.
Lacquay, go out, and bring me truth; such truth
As I shall like, or else return no more.

2. *Page.* Madam, all the Maids——

Beat. Peace! your Intelligence comes from the Laundry.

Viol. Well, I fear the news may be too true then;
They know what they say. *Carlo*, tell it me. [*Page and Viola whisper.*]

Beat. My eyes are not prophetic; perhaps
They melt too soon. Lost, valiant *Benedick*,
Lost by thy noble kindness for my sake;
Who whilst I pity'd *Claudio* in his danger,
Had of thy safety no indulgent care.

Enter Balthazar.

Balt. Madam, pardon my haste, which is as rude

Duk. This is no witneffe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges shee mee then mee?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knows, that he nere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Ifabels*.

Ang. This is a ftrange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids mee, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou fworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Ifabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie shee faies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enoug my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fve yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fve yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words fro breath,

As my unseasonable visit.

Beat. Tell me, I pray, the business of this night?

Balt. Count *Benedick* began it with success;
Who to redeem unhappy *Claudio* from
The arms of death, and *Juliet* from the flame
Of publick penance, did assault the Guards
Attending near the Prison Gate; and at
The first encounter did disperse that force.

Beat. This is no wonder; for in Honours Game
(Where many throw at the last great stake, life,
As if 'twere but light Gold) young Gamesters oft
Are lucky.

Balt. The Provost offer'd parly, but deny'd
To yield the Pris'ners, and the cause which made
Him obstinate grew quickly evident;
By old *Montano's* fall from the Citadel,
And *Angelo's* advance with all his *Zwits*.
These were by valiant *Benedick* repulst.

Beat. I'm not sorry now that I have his Picture:
For the vain Gentleman will quickly grow
So alter'd by success, that without his
Image I should hardly know him.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* would have retir'd into the Citadel;
But in the strife of that retreat
Brave *Benedick* receiv'd a wound.

Beat. A wound—Excuse me, *Balthazar*, if I
Assume the feeling of your friendship to him,
And pity him for your sake.

Balt. The wound was flight;
And rather serv'd to augment his courage, than
To waste his strength.

Beat. Well, I'll allow him courage. Pray proceed.

Balt. With many shouts saluted, he again
Summon'd the Provost; who enraged at our
Resistance of his fall from the Prison,
Licens'd his anger even to cruelty;
For, as a dire expedient to prevent

As there is fence in truth, and truth in vertue,
 I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
 As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
 But Tueday night laft gon, in's garden houle,
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
 Let me in fafety raife me from my knees,
 Or elfe for euer be confixed here
 A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but fmile till now,
 Now, good my Lord, giue me the fcope of Iuftice,
 My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
 Thefe poore informall women, are no more
 But intruments of fome more mightier member
 That fets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
 To finde this praftife out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
 And punifh them to your height of pleafure.
 Thou foolifh Frier, and thou pernicious woman
 Compact with her that's gone: thinkft thou, thy oathes,
 Though they would fwear downe each particular Saint,
 Were teftimonies againft his worth, and credit
 That's feald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*
 Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
 To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
 There is another Frier that fet them on,
 Let him be fent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
 Hath fet the women on to this Complaint;
 Your Prouoft knowes the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:
 And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
 Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
 Doe with your iniuries as feemes you beft
 In any chaftifement; I for a while
 Will leaue you; but ftir not you till you haue
 Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers.

Exit.

Th' occasion of a new assault, he doom'd
Young *Claudio* to endure the bloody Axe;
And from the Battlements flew'd us his head.

Beat. Enough! your story grows too dismal to
Be heard. Dead *Claudio*, yet more happy is
Than living *Juliet*. Pray be brief, if you
Have any other sorrows to reveal!

Balt. The cruel Provost having thus provokt
Count *Benedick*; he straight prepares to storm
The Prison; and th' assault was scarce begun,
When suddenly our Sov'raign Duke breaks forth,
From the dark Cloud of that disguise, in which,
It seems, he hath remain'd conceal'd in *Turin*.

Beat. The Duke in Town?

Balt. Most visibly in person, and in pow'r.
For by his high command victorious *Benedick*,
Is now with conquer'd *Angelo*, and both
Are Prisoners to the Provost.

Beat. Sudden and strange.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* is kept from Visitants,
To make him ignorant of what is past;
And by the strictness of the Guards to *Benedick*,
'Tis whisper'd and suspected, that he will
Be sentenc'd for Rebellion.

Beat. I'll to the Duke. He's full of clemency:
A Prince who by forgiving does reclaim,
And tenderly preserve for noble use,
Many whom rigid Justice, by exemplar death,
Would make for ever useless to the world.

Balt. 'Tis fit you hasten to him.

Beat. In his own arms he bred my infancy.
He ever yielded to me when I fu'd
For men who had no other plea to get
Their pardon but their misery; and sure
He'll not deny me when in tears I kneel,
For valiant *Benedick*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Efc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Efc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Efc. Call that same *Ifabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Efc. Say you?

Luc. Marry fir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouost, Ifabella.

Efc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Efc. Come on Miftris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,
Here, with the *Prouost*.

Efc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Efc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to flander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Efc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuill
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Efc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake iustly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore foules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?

*Enter Duke in his own Habit, Efchalus, Provost,
Fryer Thomas, Attendants.*

Duke. In favour of that pow'r, which I did leave
In *Angelo's* poffeffion, as my Subftitute,
I have reliev'd him from his Brother's fury.
But *Angelo* in his fhort Government,
Disfigur'd and disgrac'd that fair
Refemblance which he wore of me,
By many blemifhes.

Efch. Though your accustom'd clemency fhould give
Him leave to ufe his eloquence, in's own
Defence, yet he would filence it, and hope
For no relief, but from your gracious mercy.

Duke. Provost, he is your Pris'ner now,
With *Benedick*. Take care they do not meet.

Prov. Sir, they are fever'd under watchful Guards.

Duke. 'Tis well. Go do what further I enjoin'd you.

Prov. I humbly beg your Highnefs pardon, for my
Ignorance of what you were when you
Were pleas'd to make your vifits in difguife.

Duke. You need no pardon, but have merited
My thanks and favour.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Fry. Tho. Is it your Highnefs will that I attend you?

Duke. I've left your habit, but will ne'er forfake
Your company nor counfel. Father now
You muft make hafte, and do as I directed.

Fry. Tho. I fhall be diligent in both of your
Commands.

[*Exit Fryer Thomas.*]

Duke. You, *Efchalus*, complain of being wrong'd
By having been made ignorant of all
Thefe evils paff. I left you not to fleep
Away your time.

Efch. If you vouchsafe me not your pardon,
I fhall with fhame receive my punifhment;
Though it is better to be ignorant,
Than to be guilty.

Enter Beatrice, Viola, 2 Pages, Lacquay.

Then is your caufe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuft,
 Thus to retort your manifeft Appeale,
 And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
 Which here you come to accufe.

Luc. This is the rafcall: this is he I fpoke of.

Efc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer:
 Is't not enough thou haft fuborn'd thefe women,
 To accufe this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
 And in the witneffe of his proper eare,
 To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
 To th'*Duke* himfelfe, to taxe him with Iniuftice?
 Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
 Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpofe:
 What? vniuft?

Duk. Be not fo hot: the *Duke* dare
 No more ftretch this finger of mine, then he
 Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
 Nor here Prouinciall: My bufineffe in this State
 Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
 Where I haue feene corruption boyle and bubble,
 Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
 But faults fo countenanc'd, that the ftrong Statutes
 Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers fhop,
 As much in mocke, as marke.

Efc. Slander to th' State:
 Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch againft him Signior *Lucio*?
 Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice,
 I met you at the Prifon, in the abfence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you fo? and do you remember what you faid of the *Duke*.

Duk. Moft notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you fo Sir: And was the *Duke* a flefh-monger, a foole, and a
 coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muft (Sir) change perfons with me, ere you make that my
 report: you indeede fpoke fo of him, and much more, much worfe.

Beat. As virtuous Virgins, by their vows to Heaven,
Have brought you here, so may their Prayers
Preserve you long amongst us.

Duke. I thank you, beauteous Maid. But I perceive
Affliction in your Eyes. Whence does it come?

Beat. I am a lowly Sutor to your Highness.

Duke. I hope you are not so unfortunate,
As to desire a benefit, which I
Unwillingly shall grant.

Beat. If no offenders were, then Sov'raign Pow'r
Would have no use of mercy:
Though *Benedick* has much offended, yet
Forgive that valour which by yours was bred;
And let him not be lost who was misled.

Duke. Your heart is alter'd since I saw you last.
Can *Benedick* in his affliction now
Prevail; and be petition'd for by you
Who scorn'd him when he did in triumph sue?
This riddle I will leave to *Eschalus*.
Give me a quick account of it. I shall
Consider and take care of your request.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Angelo, Fryer Thomas.

Ang. In the perplexity of Fight, when I
Was forc'd to a retreat, I did suppose
My Brother (to procure the people to
His side) had publish'd but in artifice
The Duke's return.

Fry. Tho. The Duke is certainly in Town, and has,
During the time of your Vicegerency,
Remain'd here in disguise, he did converse,
With *Ifabella*, and continually
Receiv'd from her, true knowledge of her griefs,
And by what art you have afflicted her.

Ang. Oh, Father, I am lost.

Fryer Tho. Could you suppose
You were your Brother's Prisoner here?

Ang. In the dark mist of our encounter,

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would clofe now, after his treasonable abuses.

Efc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Prouost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come fir, come fir, come fir: foh fir, why you bald-patted lying rafcall; you must be hooded must you? shew your knaues visage with a poxe to you: shew your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad't a *Duke*.

First *Prouost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse than hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: fit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:

Ha't thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't

Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltineffe,

To thinke I can be vndifcerneable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,

No longer feffion hold vpon my flame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeffion:

Immediate sentence then, and fequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

I was led to that mistake.

Fryer Tho. 'Twas a mistake indeed;
For *Benedick's* your fellow prisoner now,
And under strict command.

Ang. I know him noble, though by passion urg'd
To this outrageous violence, against
My ill dispos'd authority: and had
He now been free, I easily should have hop'd
His favour with the Duke, might have procur'd
My peace and pardon too. But, in my strict
Refrain, how, Father, did you get this visit?

Fryer Tho. By an especial leave to comfort you.
The Provost has perhaps occasion of concernment
With you. I'll take leave a while.

[Enter Provost.

[Exit Fryer.

Prov. My Lord, with blushes I appear
I'th' presence of your most unhappy fortune,
Asham'd of my authority; but 'tis
His Highness will, that you should now
Be subject to my pow'r, who have been long
Govern'd by yours.

Ang. You will be civil to me, Provost, if
You think I am contented with this change.

Prov. You are so well prepar'd for grief,
That I may now ask leave, to tell you, he, whom
You did hastily condemn, was with dispatch,
As fatal as your sentence, executed.

Ang. who can you mean?

Prov. Th'unhappy *Claudio*.

Ang. Is he executed? The Marshal had his Pardon seal'd.

Prov. The Marshal (who is now in hope of cure)
Was by his wound last night in the first charge
Depriv'd of speech; so by the Law of destiny,
Your purpos'd remedy against your Law
Was known too late: for (to divert
The fury of th'affault, by taking from
His friends that hope which was the cause of strife)
I did appoint him for the Ax; and from

Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which confummate,
 Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoft*.

Exit.

Efc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his difhonor,
 Then at the ftrangeneffe of it.

Duk. Come hither *Ifabell*,
 Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
 Aduertyfing, and holy to your bufineffe,
 (Not changing heart with habit) I am ftill,
 Atturnd at your feruice.

Ifab. Oh giue me pardon
 That I, your vaffaile, haue imploid, and pain'd
 Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Ifabell*:
 And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
 Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart:
 And you may maruaile, why I obfcure'd my felfe,
 Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather
 Make rafh remonftrance of my hidden powre,
 Then let him fo be loft: oh moft kinde Maid,
 It was the fwift celeritie of his death,
 Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on.
 That brain'd my purpofe: but peace be with him,
 That life is better life pafte fearing death.
 Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort.
 So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter Prouoft.

Ifab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
 Whofe falt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well defended honor: you muft pardon
 For *Mariana's* fake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
 Being criminall, in double violation
 Of facred Chafteitie, and of promife-breach,
 Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
 The very mercy of the Law cries out
 Moft audible, euen from his proper tongue.
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Our Battlements fhew'd them his head.

Ang. All my finifter Stars, have met at once,
In confultation how to ruine me.

Prov. A moment e're his death, a Fryer who was
Official here, did marry him to *Juliet* :
And therefore now I come to know, how far
You by your plentiful Eftate, will pleafe
To give fubfiftance to his mourning Widow ?
You know that his Poffeffions, and her Dowry,
(He dying guilty by the fentence of
The Law) are both confifcate to the Duke.

Ang. My bofom is too narrow for this grief ;
I give her all I have.

Enter Efchalus.

Efch. My Lord, I grieve to tell you, that the Duke
As a reward to *Ifabella's* vertue for
Her fuff'rings, has already by his promife,
Given her th'intended confifcation of
Your Lands and Treafure.

Ang. 'Tis righteoufly beftow'd. But where alas,
She having all, is *Juliet's* recompence ?

Prov. Let's leave him, Signior, to his thoughts.

[*Ex. Provost.*

Ang. How wifely Fate ordain'd for humane kind
Calamity, which is the perfect Glafs
Wherein we truly fee and know our felves
How juftly it created life but fhort ;
For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been deftin'd to continue long,
Fate, to pleafe Fools, had done the Wife great wrong.

Enter Ifabella.

Ifab. I come, my Lord, to fee you in eclipse :
You did too hurtful to mine eyes appear,
When with your glory you did fill your Sphear.

Ang. Is it revenge that hath this vifit bred ;
Or are you hither by compaffion led ?

Ifab. With no revenge nor pity I comply ;
But come, perhaps, in curiofity ;

Hafte ftill paies h'fte, and leafure, anfwers leafure;
 Like doth quit like, and *Meafure* ftill for *Meafure*:
 Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
 Which though thou would'ft deny, denies thee vantage.
 We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
 Where *Claudio* ftoop'd to death, and with like hafte.
 Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moft gracious Lord,
 I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?
Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
 Confenting to the fafe-guard of your honor,
 I thought your marriage fit: elfe Imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choake your good to come: For his Poffeffions,
 Although by confutation they are ours;
 We doe en-ftate, and widow you with all,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
 I craue no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loofe your labour.
 Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.
Mar. Oh my good Lord, fweet *Ifabell*, take my part,
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
 I'll lend you all my life to doe you feruice.

Duke. Againft all fence you doe importune her,
 Should fhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
 Her Brothers ghofte, his paued bed would breake,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Ifabell:
 Sweet *Ifabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
 Hold vp your hands, fay nothing: I'll fpeake all.
 They fay beft men are moulded out of faults,
 And for the moft, become much more the better
 For being a little bad: So may my husband.
 Oh *Ifabel*: will you not lend a knee?

As in a great Eclipse the curious run
 T'inform themselves exactly of the Sun :
 For when his light is less'n'd, they see more
 Of his unevenness, than they saw before.

Ang. The spots in him only imagin'd be ;
 But all reported stains are true in me.

Ifab. As your confession of the worst of you
 Seems now to utter more than does seem true,
 So of the best of you, which is your love,
 Perhaps you told much more than you could prove.

Ang. In an ill season you require a test,
 T'affure you of that love which I profess :
 When I can offer nothing that is fit,
 To be a pledge to make you credit it ;
 Since all I had is by the Duke (as due
 To injur'd virtue) freely given to you.

Ifab. Take back your wealth ; improperly consign'd
 To me, who prize no wealth, but of the mind.

Ang. How *Ifabell*? would you a present make
 Of such a gift, as you disdain to take.

It would more worthy of your bounty prove,
 To keep such trifles, and to give me love.

But I would have what you can never give ;

Claudio is dead, whose life should make me live.

Ifab. I shall redeem you now from half your fear ;
 I must be gone, but *Claudio* shall appear.

[*Exit.*

Ang. What may this mean? Virgins so soft as she
 Can never pleasure take in cruelty.

Heav'n oft in wonders does propitious grow,
 Fortune no faster ebbs than it can flow.

Enter Claudio, Julietta.

Claud. Let those who lost their youth retire to Graves,
 Deaths Closets, where, though there be privacy,
 Yet there is never use of thoughts. Let us thank
 Heaven that we have life, since we together
 May enjoy it.

Jul. From a wild Tempest, where we both were lost,

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Ifab. Most bounteous Sir.

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another faulte.
Prouost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Gine vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue dide,
I haue referu'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duk. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Efc. I am forry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ftill appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,

Heaven lands us strangely on a floury coast.

Claud. Since none could thus recover'd be by Heaven,
Were not the crimes which lost them quite forgiven,

Jul. Honour would that without Religion do.

Ang. Are you the mortal substances of forms
Which you resemble, *Claudio* and *Julietta*;
Yet, like immortal Angels, can so much
Of good forgiveness speak?

Claud. What act hath *Angelo* feverely done,
For which his Brother *Benedick* hath not
By kindness ample satisfaction given?

Ang. How is this wonder to be understood?

[*Enter Benedick.*

Ben. The Provost, Brother, has to happy purpose
Deceiv'd us by the death of *Bernardine*.
Let us embrace and mutually exchange
Forgiveness.

Ang. Sure our offences to each other will
Admit excuse, since the authority of mighty love
Did sway us both. This meeting has much comfort
In it though it be in Prison.

[*Enter Beatrice, Viola.*

Beat. Where is the Rebel?

Ben. No Rebel, Lady, to your pow'r.

Beat. If you had err'd that way, y'had never been
Forgiven; but you may offend your Prince
As often as you please. There's your Pardon——

[*Gives him a Paper*
(seal'd.

Ben. I hope you will not undo me.

Beat. How so, Sir?

Ben. I am afraid 'tis a Licence for Marriage.

Beat. No, Sir, Plays that end so, begin to be
Out of fashion.

Ben. Do you not see your Cousin Juliet?
She has been advis'd by a bauld Dramatick Poet
Of the next Cloister, to end her Tragy-Comedy
With Hymen the old way.

[*Beatrice salutes Juliet.*

Beat. Alas poor Cousin! Love has led thee a Dance
Through a Brake of Thorns and Briers.

Jul. Madam, take heed; though he be blind
He may find the way to lead you too.

And fo deepe fticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deferuing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouoft, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art faid to haue a ftubborne foule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And fquart'ft thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thofe earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduife him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prifoner that I fau'd,
Who fhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loft his head,
As like almoft to *Claudio*, as himfelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his fake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie fake
Giue me your hand, and fay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's fafe,
Methinkes I fee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remiffion in my felfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You firha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I fo deferu'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I fpoke it but according to the trick: if you will
hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleafe you, I might be
whipt.

Duke. Whipt firft, fir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouoft round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

Viol. 'Warrant ye I'll run from that foolish Boy,
And then let him try to overtake me.

[*A shout within.*

Within. The Duke! the Duke!

*Enter Duke, Ifabella, Efchalus, Provost, Fryar Thomas, Guards,
Attendants, Balthazar, Lucio, behind the rest.*

Duke. The motive which last caus'd my visits
To this Prison, was to give good counsel and to
Reclaim the ill advis'd. But now I come
To count'nance the Reclaim'd. I can relate
Your latter Story, *Angelo*; and am
Not ignorant, *Benedick*, of yours; but in
Remembrance of your former merits I
Forget your late attempts.

Ang. Your Highness makes
An hourly conquest of our hearts, and we
Most humbly bow in thankfulness of your
Continual clemency.

Duke. The eye of Pow'r does not alone observe
The heights, but lower Regions of the world.
I have a Convert here, whom I would see.

Prov. Call *Bernardine*.

Ben. Is he alive?

Duke. I am more willingly pleas'd, because
The fury of the last encounter has
Not lost me any of my Subjects lives.
The Martial's free from danger of his wound;
And as the military Sword has not
Prevail'd so far as life, so Justice, with
Contrition satisfy'd, did sheath up hers.

[*Enter Jaylor, Fool, Bernardine.*

Balt. There's no harm yet.

Luc. I hope we shall all scape.

Duke. The Provost (whose fidelity I shall
Reward) did in the storm preserve from wrack
This Penitent: and from the Battlements

(As I haue heard him fweare himfelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he fhall marry her: the nuptiall finifh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I befeech your Highneffe doe not marry me to a Whore: your
Highneffe faid euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recom-
pence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou fhalt marrie her.
Thy flanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prifon,
And fee our pleafure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preffing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deferues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reftore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Efcalus*, for thy much goodneffe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouoft* for thy care, and fecrecie,
We fhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it felfe. Deere *Ifabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Where to if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll fhew
What's yet behinde, that meete you all fhould know.

Deceiv'd you with a Head of one, who of
A natural ficknefs dy'd i'th' Prifon.

Luc. Under your Highnefs favour I fufpected
Afar off, that 'twas not *Bernardine's*, by
A fmall Wart upon his left eye-lid.

Duke. You were not bid to fpeak.

Luc. No an't please your Highnefs,
Nor wifht to hold my peace.

Balt. Lucio, you will be talking.

Duke. Remember, *Bernardine*, your Vows to Heaven;
And fo behave your felf in future life,
That I fhall ne'er repent my mercy.

Bern. I am your Highnefs Debtor for this life,
And for th' occafion of that happinefs,
Which may fucceed it after death.

Duke. Is there not, Father, in this Company
One too much troubled with a lib'ral tongue,
Who hath traduc'd me to a Brother of
Your Cloifter?

Fry. Tho. Yes, Sir, and here behold the man.

Luc. Who I, Father? I know you not.

Fry. Tho. No, Sir, but I know you.

Luc. I fhall be glad, Sir, of your acquaintance,
For my Confeffor is lately dead.

Duke. But, *Lucio*, you perhaps, would know me too,
Should I again put on the Habit which
I wore, when boldly to my face you did
Traduce me in this Prifon.

Luc. If your Highnefs, forgiving now fo many,
Will pardon me too, I'll hereafter hang
A Padlock at my lips, and this good Father
Shall keep the Key of it.

Duke. Your flanders, *Lucio*, cannot do me harm.
Be forrowful, and be forgiven.

Balt. Thy Mother hath bewicht thee the right way,
For no Sword can pierce thee.

Duke. Think me not fingular, becaufe

I did my felf a while depofe;
 For many Monarchs have their Thrones
 Forfaken for a Cloiftral life; and I,
 Perhaps, may really that Habit take,
 Which I have worn but in difguife.

Ang. That were t'undo the world by leaving it.

Ben. Whilft fo you feek imagin'd happinefs,
 We all fhall find effential mifery.

Duke. My refolutions are not foon remov'd:
 I'm old and weary of authority.

But, ere I leave it quite (fince I have no
 Succeffors of my own) let me difpofe
 Of beft advantages to thofe whom I
 Esteem, who may enjoy my power. Lend me,
 Chafte *Ifabella*, your fair hand; which with
 Your heart I dedicate to *Angelo*;
 He now fufficiently that virtue knows,
 Which he too much, too curioufly has try'd.

Ifab. I have fo long your counfel follow'd with
 Succefs, as I am taught not to fufpect
 Much happinefs will ftill attend
 Th' obedience which does yield
 To your command.

Ang. I fear my joys are grown too great to laft.

Duke. I have a good occafion, *Benedick*,
 To thank you now for your fuccefsful toils
 And Victory in the *Millain* War; for which.
 In ample recompence, I give you but
 The heart, which I perceive you had before.
 The witty war which you fo long have had
 With virtuous *Be'trice*, now muft gently end,
 In joyful triumphs of a nuptial peace.

Beat. Take heed! our quarrel will begin again;
 And th' end of this long Treaty will but bring
 The war home to your own doors.

Ben. I'll venture. 'Tis but providing good ftore of
 Cradles for *Barracadoes* to line my Chamber.

FINIS.



Duke. Be happy, *Claudio*, in your faithful *Juliet*,
The persecutions of your loves are past.

Claud. They feel not joy who have not sorrow felt.
We through afflictions make our way to Heaven.

Luc. Fool, I've a mind to marry your Grandmother.

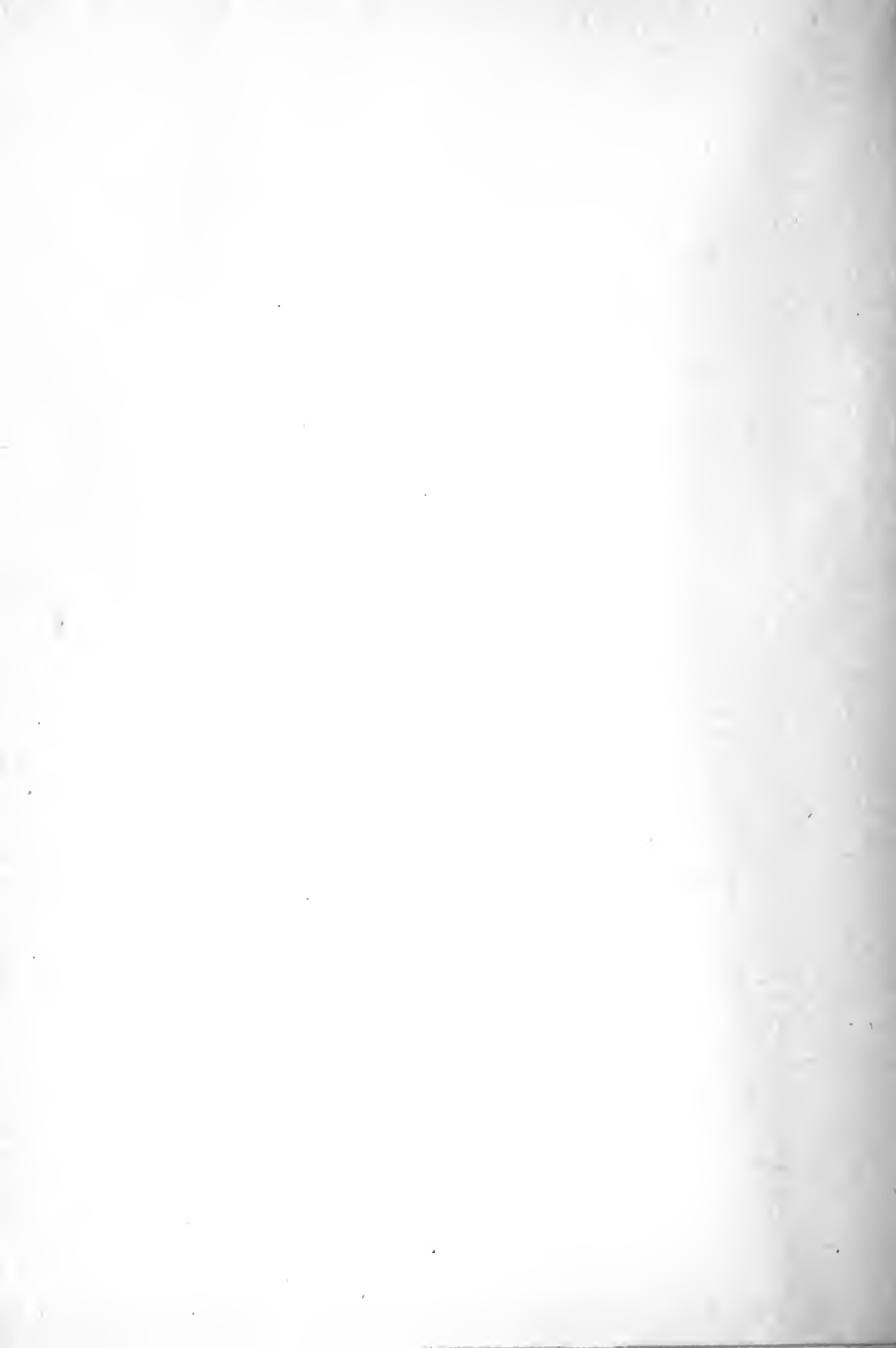
Fool. She stays for you in the Church, and will prove
A sweet Bed-fellow, for she has not been
Bury'd above a Month.

Duke. Provost, open your Prison Gates, and make
Your Pris'ners free. The story of this day,
When 'tis to future Ages told, will seem
A moral drawn from a poetick Dream.

FINIS.







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